

NEW SERIES. No. 5.

THE SATIRIST,
OR
MONTHLY METEOR.

DECEMBER 1st, 1812.

*Only Half a Crown a piece!—Worth double the money!
Walk in! Walk in!*

(1) ANTI-ROYAL MENAGERIE,

(2) ANY-CHANGE—WESTMINSTER.

SIGNOR Double-Tete (3) and Signor Pun Sun Buy (4)
invite the Public to view their newly revived and im-

NOTES—NATURAL BIOGRAPHICAL, &c.

1. As it is better at once, in *authors*, to confess their Plagiarisms, the Signors D. T. and P. S. B. acknowledge that they have borrowed some of their language from their rival *Signor Polito*; but they trust this will not detract from their literary merit, as it was utterly impossible to be altogether dissimilar from a person who had so completely pre-occupied the literary field. As a proof of their fairness, they subjoin the passages from *Signor Polito's* publication, most nearly parallel to their own—

ROYAL MENAGERIE, EXETER 'CHANGE.—POLITO!

proved Exhibition—The first emporium of LIVING CURIOSITIES in the known World (5).

It is now classically divided into two different apartments (6); the third, containing the MOST MAJESTIC ROYAL LION (7), being shut up, which is the sole instance in which the exhibition of Signors Double-Tete and Pun Sun Buy is inferior to that of Signor Polito of Exeter Change, which they surpass in every other respect, having not only a greater variety of wild and tame beasts and birds, but also more perfect specimens

e. "Any-Change."—Dropping the elision (') has here a fine effect, and conveys more meaning than in the original.—Thus we may say the sense gains by the loss.

3. It may be observed, that one of the showmen is himself an immense *lusus naturæ* and great natural curiosity, bodies with two heads being by no means common in this country. Signor Double-Tete is a native of that land where our mistaken ancestors imagined

—————"Men's heads

Did grow beneath their shoulders."

This misconception it is now ascertained arose from their brains being misplaced, and not their heads.

4. Pun Sun Buy is a *Foreigner* of some distinction. From his acquaintance with the laws of nature, in China, he has strong pretensions to be the first exhibitor of Natural Curiosities in Britain.

5. Parallel passage in Polito's publication:

Revised and IMPROVED by S. POLITO,

The first Emporium of LIVING CURIOSITIES in the known World.

6. Parallel passage—

Is now classically divided into three different Apartments —POLITO.

7. Signors D. T. and P. S. B. regret that they cannot, at present, gratify the public with the exhibition of a Royal Lion. They used all their arts, and set a number of toils with the hope of ensnaring the noble animal, and flattered themselves, at one time, that they had caught one in their snares; but he bounded over their nets, and, with a terrific roar, regained his freedom. They have a young Cub, however, in Sussex, and another in Gloucester (though not of the finest breed), which may in time be worth looking at!!

of such as are the most strange, rare, wonderful, and exotic(8).

They are exposed in a most substantial, clean, and beautiful order(9).

(10) First Apartment. Admittance an Eighteen Penny Token, which, in the degenerated state of the currency, is only equal to One Shilling. Or, to the two Apartments *Half a Crown*, which is as much as Signors D.T. and P.S.B. think ought to be allowed to *any person* in this free country.

(11) Just arrived (first Apartment), among the groat *Natural Curiosities* of this room, one of the most splendid animals ever *created*,

THE STUPENDOUS
R H I N O C E R O S,
OR REAL UNICORN,

From the Coast of *new HOLLAND*. It is the most *singular* of animals, and the only large quadruped that

8. Exotic, i. e. of foreign tastes and habits.

9. Parallel passage—

In a most substantial, clean, and beautiful order.—POLITO.

10. Third Apartment. Admittance, 1s. each—Or the Three, 2s. 6d.—POLITO.

11. THE STUPENDOUS
R H I N O C E R O S,
OR REAL UNICORN,

Is the most formidable of all terrestrial animals, and the only large quadruped that is armed with a single Horn (UNICORN). He is covered with a Coat of Mail or Armour, capable of resisting the force of a *Musket Ball*. His Size is immense, and the prodigious manner in which he has grown, since his arrival in July 1810, is hardly credible, but so perfectly gentle that even a Child may approach him with great safety.—POLITO.

is armed with a *single Horn* (UNICORN). He is covered with a coat capable of resisting the force of argument and loyal affection. It is astonishing, that though so gentle that a child may approach him, he has displayed a rooted antipathy to the person to whom he was formerly most attached, and, indeed, it may be said of him, that he has deserted his *EARLY FRIEND*—for he was once quite neighbourly with the Royal Lion in the other apartment.

(12) The Hen, seated on his shoulders and pecking him, is an English *Fowl*, to which he formed a strong attachment. It belonged to a gentleman, who, however, very good-naturedly gave it up when apprized of the remarkable intimacy that had arisen between it and the Rhinoceros. It is wonderful to behold the ascendancy obtained by so insignificant a creature over a beast of such powers, so great as to offer to the contemplation of the curious a perfect

LUSUS NATURÆ.

(13) THE GREAT EGYPTIAN CAMEL,

The only One in England.

This animal is remarkable for its capacity to sustain itself long on the *Desert*, and was brought over by Lord Hutchinson (14).

(15) A MOST WONDERFUL MILCHE COW,

12. This singular Story is somewhat similar to that of the Dog and the Lion, well known to the lovers of natural history.

(13) *The great Egyptian CAMEL,*
The only One in England.—POLITO.

(14) It is remarkable that this great animal can support itself for a length of time upon *barren Deserts*. It has a *bye stomach*; and when at a loss for present food, it draws again upon the old and oft digested store contained in this repository.

15. Few animals are more useful to their proprietors than *Milche Cows*.

bred by the *Duke of Bedford*. It is without horns, and, though a powerful, is a silly harmless animal. Its remarkable property is centered in the milk it yields, which is of so balsamic a nature as to surpass even that of asses. Hedgehogs and other Reptiles suck it greedily, and become thereby so strong as to be able to contend with greater brutes, whom they often oust from their *Burrows*.

A KANGAROO

With an astonishing Pouch, in which it is capable of containing a *vast provision* (16).

AN OURANG OUTANG,

Amazingly like a human Creature.

It has been *exposed* at Paris, where, however, its manners were too gross for the purity of the Imperial Court (17).

(18) A CURIOUS DANCING DOG.

THE GOLDEN VULTURE,

From the Coast of Guinea (19).

This animal is of a fine breed. Junius notices their *excellent qualities* in his Natural History, and they have rather improved than fallen off since that period.

16. This beast is of a very wonderful nature. Its *pouch* will hold as much as would maintain many animals of the same size. It is peculiarly partial to *large stakes*, about which it plays very prettily with its pouch well crammed with all kind of good things. It may be called a *sinecure stomach*.

17. It was also exhibited in Edinburgh, but bore so strong a family resemblance to a noble Jacobinical Earl in *Lauderdale*, that he procured its banishment, lest any mistake might arise as to *which* was the rightful owner of *Th—ne Castle*.

18. It studied under Lord *Henry Petty* when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and does honour to its high tuition.

19. This remarkable bird well merits the regard of the curious from its strength and unnatural appetites. Lord Stanhope, who is well known to be an adept in mechanics, invented a cage to prevent its doing mischief. It would fain be a *king* among birds of prey.

THE SILVER VULTURE, from the Coast of Guinea.—POLITO.

A HUGE CROSS-BILL (20).

A SWALLOW, LARGER THAN AN OWL (21).

The wonderful Bird of Ancient Fame,
THE PELICAN OF THE WILDERNESS (22).

THE LEARNED PIG (23).

THE ASTONISHING BEAR (24).

AND

THE PIE-BALLED ASS (25).

SECOND APARTMENT.—Admittance (26) an Eighteen
Penny Token each.

THE MOST SCIENTIFIC MALE

DRAY HORSE,

The only one in England that is adorned with a French
tongue; the same that performed many nights at THE
THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, and now exhibited

20. Was known to the ancients by the name of the *Catholic Diver*. In the days of St. Patrick, a Catholic Meeting was held upon it, and it was resolved, unanimously, to have lost the confidence of that enlightened and peaceable body. It is a foolish fowl, which occasionally emits long cries—it can *Do-no-more*.

21. Presented by *Lord Grosvenor*—it builds extensive nests.

22. *Childe Harold* bought this curiosity when abroad. It has a low melancholy note, and, though in some respects disagreeable, is yet a "*rara avis*," and possesses very uncommon qualities.

That Wonderful Bird of Ancient Fame, the
PELICAN OF THE WILDERNESS.—POLITE.

23. From *Derbyshire*.

24. Tamed and taught to dance. It was sent from certain literati in Iceland, to *Lord Darnley*, as a tribute of their gratitude for his eloquent and patriotic labours in the cause of universal liberty and science.

25. *Earl Stanhope*, though he invented a cage for the Vulture, has never been able to think of any means for restraining the mischievous follies of this brute. It has a rooted antipathy to lawyers, at whom it always kicks in passing along.

26. SECOND APARTMENT.—Admittance, 1s. each.—POLITE.

in his natural purity, in which he appears so far different as hardly to be known for the same animal (27).

(JUST ARRIVED), THE
TAPIIR, OR HIPPOPOTAMUS
Of the Fool's Paradise (28).

27. THE MOST SCIENTIFIC MALE
ELEPHANT,

The only one in England that is adorned with fine large Ivory Tusks, the same that performed Forty Nights at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and now exhibited in his natural purity, in which he appears so far superior as hardly to be known for the same animal.—POLITO.

The Drury Lane Managers, not being able to enroll an Elephant among their company, engaged this celebrated Dray Horse, which was bred by Whitbread, the father of Sam. It *draws* great houses, and *fills* the first-rate characters.

This stupendous brute is exhibited, yoked, in the showman's caravan, which, however, as it has stuck in the mud, it cannot *bring in*—a great loss to the exhibitors, as the cages contain a Laughing Hyæna from America, landed at *Liverpool*, perfectly tame, and fed upon *Broom*.

A LAUGHING HYÆNA,

From the CAPE of GOOD HOPE, perfectly tame.—POLITO.

A Blue Fox, caught on the extensive domains of Mr. Tierney! A Wolf, Hunted at Bristol. A Mad-Dog, cured of the Hydrophobia in *Bark-shire*. A Porcupine.—A Green-Goose, some time shown in Southwark, but last in Surrey. A Wood-pecker and Tumbling Magpie, from the City of London. Two odd little birds, and full of strange *tricks*.—A *Viper*, caught at *Okehampton*, the venom extracted and taught to dance—and a great variety of Screech Owls, Emews, Cormorants, Bats; together with a complete collection of the Serpent and Reptile species.

28. (JUST ARRIVED), THE
TAPIIR, OR HIPPOPOTAMUS,
Of the New World.—POLITO.

It was found entangled in some fishermen's nets on the *Westminster side* of the Thames, and, though out of its element, cuts a conspicuous figure in this collection, from the extreme clumsiness of its *motions* upon dry ground.

A BEAUTIFUL MULE, from FOLKSTONE (29).

A most singular animal lately discovered in the interior
of a Ream of Paper, called

THE URSINE SLOTH,

Particularly described in Sir James Shaw's Fo-ology (30).

A WYNNY WELCH GOAT,

Called the *Squeaker*—A great rarity in this country.

THE JACKALL, OF A NEW SPECIES (31).

AN UNCOMMON BADGER,

Brought over in the Creevey Indiaman.

A SINGULAR WEÁZEL,

From *New-port* in Ireland.

THE REAL SEA-GULL (32),

Which never ceases screaming.

THE YORKSHIRE MACAW (33),

Of a distinct Breed.

29. A beautiful TYGER CAT, from *Amboyna*.—POLITO.

Feeds on *Strawberries*, and is remarkable for the antipathy it bears the
Royal Lion Race.

30. A Pair of those most singular animals, lately discovered in the
interior of India, called

THE URSINE SLOTHS,

Particularly described in Dr. Shaw's Zoology.—POLITO.

31. This variety is distinguished from the common Jackall, which is a
Purveyor for the Lion, by performing the same offices for other and very
inferior beasts. A Mr. Abercombie sold it to the show-folks, after keeping
it some time in *St. Albans' Street*.

32. The Real Sea-Gull. This Bird was kept for some time in the
Tower among his Majesty's collection; but was at last disposed of, being
more fit for a *Show* than a *Royal Menagerie*. It evinces a strong affection
for the *Imperial Crown*—(Cranes) in an adjoining place.

33. It tries to speak like a Parrot, but cannot acquire so much perfec-
tion in imitating the human voice, and its noisy clack more resembles a
Mill-tone.

A CURIOUS MOCKBIRD (34),
Which imitates the notes of other Birds, and may be
taught to repeat any thing.

With a vast Variety of other rare Beasts and Birds (35).

N. B. The utmost Value given for all kinds of
Foreign Birds and Beasts.

Printed by J. Bailey, Rolls' Buildings, Fetter Lane.

NEW CONSTITUTION;
OR,
THE OUSTED PARLIAMENT.

CHATTERING-HOUSE GAZETTE.

No. 1. Published at the Sign of the Old Friend with the
New Face. 2d day after the Greek calends.

WHAT a glorious era in the history of our Constitution!
What an improvement in our system of Representa-

34. Immediately under the Kangaroo. It attempts to sing like the
Nightingale, to bray like the ass, and in short to imitate every Bird and
Beast it hears; by which means its song resembles nothing on earth, but
is a confused and nonsensical medley of discords. *Lord G. Grenville brought*
it from PORTUGAL.

35. With a vast Variety of other rare BIRDS of the most splendid
Plumage.

••• The utmost Value given for all kinds of Foreign Birds and Beasts.

Printed by W. Glindon, Rupert Street, Haymarket.

Conclusive parallel passages by *POLITO.*

tion! for it cannot be denied by *Whigs*, or *liberal* minds, that the *great minorities*, either in our contested County or Borough Elections, could not be considered as having Representatives, when the great objects of their choice were so unconstitutionally thrown out. Thanks, however, to that great spirit Sir Frantic Perturbed, this illustrious FOURTH BRANCH is now added to our Constitution, and all the Non-elected Members have taken their seats in the Minority-House, having assembled yesterday; but despising all tests, and regarding no oaths, they contented themselves, on coming in, with making their professions: and it is expected that *next Sunday* will present a full house, some of the honourable Members not being able to make their professions until they *redeem their pledges*; and that day, for certain legal reasons, being most convenient for so me of them appearing publicly.

No sooner were the doors opened than the patriots rushed in as if to a Crown and Anchor dinner, and all order being deemed unnecessary and an infringement upon freedom, it was agreed, that although Sir Frantic Perturbed, for the honour of the thing, should be called to the chair, yet, as he might be obliged to attend in another place, and perhaps might not choose to appear among his friends on the present occasion, the chair should be left empty, in imitation of his triumphal chariot on a former day.

Order being now called for by all the Members at once, Mr. *Stop-child* rose and observed, that as they were all upon an equality, he considered that he, as a representative for a place of great importance, should take the lead. He observed, that he was well entitled to the confidence of the people for his conduct as a municipal representative in a lower house for Dowlas Ward, and

expressed his firm determination *to adopt new measures*. This declaration he had no doubt would please his customers, and he could assure them that it had given great joy at home. The honourable gentleman being asked, across the table, if he alluded to his *superficial* or *solid* measures, he observed, that, as a representative of Johnny Gilpin, his measures ought to be known to be superficial; that all he meant was to add an inch to his yard, and that he would leave the solid measures to his worthy colleague, whose long-tried philosophic and patriotic endeavours to provide a substitute for malt and hops, were a sufficient proof of his qualifications to purge the Constitution.

Mr. Deputy Block now rose, and observed, that, if he was not at one end of the *poll*, he had the honour of being at the other, which had entitled him to a seat in that house. He added, that he would go on from *Pole to Pole* to serve his Constituents; that he and his worthy friend would always set their faces against bribery and corruption, and would never spend more money than they could raise by subscription among their friends; and, that if the Electors would only make one Member of Wood, he would put them in the way of having two other Members of the same material—two faithful servants, who had long had an eye upon a place at the Hustings, equally qualified with himself to advocate the rights of the city, the well-known guardians of the civic clock in their municipal Hall.

Sir Lemuel Rumbly now rose, and said, that his bowels yearned for the sufferings of the poor—that imprisonment was a great evil, and that the usual mode of elevation, at a place which he would not venture to name before such an audience, was a much greater one; he added, that if there were no *capital* punishments, there could not, by a parity of reasoning, be any *capital offences*,

and that the surest way to make men virtuous was to declare that thieving was no crime. This was received with loud and reiterated applause, and warmly clapped by all those who ventured to take their hands from their pockets.

Mr. Chase followed next, and said, that although he had been able to *hunt* up but few votes, yet he thought himself as good a man as the President; for though he had not gone to Oxford to borrow a wife, yet he had done that nearer home. He added, that much had been said of the *Common Wealth*; that he was happy to see his friends striving for a share of that *Common Wealth*; and that he saw no reason to prevent every thing being common, agreeable to his own practice.

'Midst the loud applauses which followed, a long grunt, like a Hampshire hog, accompanied by several *barks*, was distinctly heard, when Sergeant Turncoat and the Dog Doctor were seen pressing forward for priority. The Dog Doctor assured the honourable house that he had been so busy in getting up the farce of the "Upholsterer," that he was unable to take his seat at an earlier date, but he was now happy to give them the *Information*, that he was such a decided friend to the *Liberty of the Press*, as resolutely to press the law against any man not of his own party, who should presume to——.

Here the honourable Member was interrupted by Sergeant Turncoat, who exclaimed, "The Liberty of the Press!—where are my Thousand Pounds which I paid for taking liberties with the press?—I paid it—I called my son to see me pay it, and may he become as blind as any other puppy if ever he forgets it—Hav'n't I told the story about it once a week? And would not I have told it twice a week, if any body would have paid me for it?—But, no! I can assure the Honourable House there is nothing but bribery and corruption to be found—the

people are oppressed—they are bribed not to buy my Register. Nay, though I bribe fellows to read it at every pot-house, the poor are bribed not to listen to it; and they are so corrupt as to pay their taxes without grumbling, though they refuse to pay my Thousand Pounds which I lost in their cause. Nay, I'll lay any man a wager——” Here the honourable Member felt for his purse, but that having already gone for the good of the Common Wealth, he was unable to suit the action to the word; he sat down, d——g and bl——g, in his usual manner, not only the Patriot who had made free with his dear, dear money, but the K-ng himself for having robbed him of his Thousand Pounds.

Mr. Broom next addressed the Assembly. He did not know, he said, what were the *measures* alluded to by his *worthy* friend the representative of the minority of the shopkeepers in the city, but he trusted to his well-known patriotism, that they bore no resemblance to the *measures* of Mr. Pitt, as he wished to have engraved upon his tombstone—“The enemy of Mr. Pitt's measures.” It might appear strange to many, that he should desire the name of that puny politician to be in any way connected with his; but the truth was, that he would bear him no enmity after he was dead, and therefore did not much care, though he preserved his memory by linking their names together.

Mr. Turnay remarked, that the latter part of his learned friend's speech was capable of dubious construction. He detested every thing doubtful, and he hated certainty—he meant the certainty of their having all fallen from——.

Here Mr. Jacky Horner rose from a corner, to speak to order. He wished to take a *review* of all that had passed during the debate, and was proceeding to lay down his *data*, when

He was interrupted by the arrival of a batch of Irish Members, among the foremost of whom was Mr. *Corkhead*, who offered himself to the notice, swearing that he was ready to take any oaths. He was then going on, in his accustomed manner, to make a disorderly speech upon the campaign in Egypt, the Catholic claims, and the oppression under which the people of Ireland laboured; but his sputterings were in turn interrupted by Mr. John BROWN, who declared he could not hear the subject of the campaign in Egypt alluded to without calling the attention of gentlemen to the state of the soldier's clothing. They wanted great-coats to defend them from Egyptian dews; and this shameful neglect on the part of the legislature was inexcusable, since he and another Tailor had offered to provide the same. But this was of a piece with all their other jobs. Would the Honourable House believe it—the failure of the war in the Peninsula was entirely owing to the Scotch soldiers being without breeches; which so offended the Spanish ladies, and particularly those of Salamanca, that they had used all their influence to detach their lovers, husbands, friends, and relations, from the common cause.

A *Sharp* member, who, however, could not see a Castle—rising, gave an alarm of the approach of some second Cromwells. They immediately appeared in the shape of Gentlemen from the *Russian Hotel*, and apparently attached to the Warwick interests, from the crest by which they chose to distinguish themselves. On their unexpected approach to the bar, the House suddenly adjourned, to meet at a more convenient opportunity, for they dreaded much that even Sunday would not save them.

TIME'S ANSWER

TO THE LOVER'S ADDRESS*.

I.

You tell me, young man, if you now had a scourge,
 With which you were able to follow my track,
 To greater exertion my limbs you would urge,
 And "stripes without mercy inflict" on my back,
 I'll tell you what, Stripling—if Reason your mind
 Had not quitted, disgusted at Folly's career,
 Had passion not far left your judgment behind,
 Such language would never have burst on my ear.

II.

You weep that 'tis morn, and, repining at light,
 Complain you forlorn and disconsolate rove,
 And sigh for the gloom, and the silence of night,
 To give with your Laura the raptures of love.
 But think you for this I should quicken my pace,
 And leave at your pleasure my regular course,
 To run with your maddening transports a race,
 To vie with your wishes in folly and force?

* The Poem to which this refers, will be found at page 13 of the present volume. In the last verse of that poem, line 3—for "hid," read "bid."

III.

Unfeeling, ungen'rous, unjust is the boon
 You ask, for you ought on reflection to know,
 The swiftness which brought to you rapture too soon,
 Too soon would another immerse deep in woe.
 Yon dungeon's sad tenant observe, mark him well—
 Death to him were the speed which your pleasures
 dare crave;
 The sun which now faintly illumines his cell,
 To-morrow will pour its warm rays on his grave.

IV.

But you say, if I see you in pain I go slow,
 And when you are blest all my energies strain;
 Permit me to tell you, the fact is not so,
 That I, and not you, have a right to complain.
 When *rich* in enjoyment you scorn to regard
 Or to notice the friend from whom all must proceed,
 You seem not to know me; but *poor*, and press'd hard,
 Recognise, watch, and ask me, to succour your need.

V.

If things I have taken which yielded delight,
 Remember they were but advanc'd as a loan:—
 Can you really think to complain you've a right,
 Because having lent—I resume what's my own?
 And if I have chang'd, what remains to you still
 Thanks, rather than censure, I claim as my due:
 For such your caprice, that to change is your will
 I am forc'd to conclude, when your actions I view.

VI.

My pressure may injure the objects you prize,
But ere it is felt you must own if you're just ;
Uninjur'd, they often no more charm your eyes,
Secure in your grasp, they soon kindle disgust.
Much faster than I, full enjoyment can turn,
What once rich in rapture, youth thought ne'er could
cloy ;
Self doom'd, PASSION sinks in his own flames to burn,
Having first wrought to madness and suicide JOY.

VII.

Has the bloom of the fair one, for Laura now scorn'd,
Been blasted by AGE, or assaulted by TIME ?
No—the roses and dimples which lately adorn'd,
If safe from your falsehood, remains in their prime.
And thus 'tis with most of the blessings in life,
All sated with bliss ye their worth cannot see,
Till lost—then remorse in your heart wakes a strife,
And for slighting my gifts, you are angry with me.

VIII.

From the joy of to-day you have frequently turn'd
(Absurd and unjust as ungrateful in this) ;
For what FANCY has promised to-morrow, 'tis spurn'd,
Or barter'd to ponder on yesterday's bliss.
Ah, when will man's weakness at length find an end !
Must his life still remain by his follies o'ercast ?
Will he ne'er prize the good his Creator may send,
But when crav'd as the future, or mourn'd as the past ?

IX.

You call me "Impostor:" harsh, undeserv'd name!
 But this to your ignorance I must impute,
 For reason and knowledge possessing, e'en shame
 Would bid you withhold what your own words refute.
 What schoolboy but knows me, of TRUTH the warm
 friend,
 Of FALSEHOOD the firm, the inveterate foe;
 My pride 'tis her veil of delusion to rend,
 And let through its chasms truth, long conceal'd, flow.

X.

When first the ETERNAL this globe roll'd in space,
 And fill'd it with life, and on man bestow'd breath,
 In NATURE's procession I held the first place;
 I march'd on before her—behind follow'd DEATH.
 Assign'd was my office in mercy to man,
 To warn him of DEATH, well to teach him to live;
 To aid him his fate and his duty to scan,
 And knowledge, improvement, and wisdom to give.

XI.

God bade me to picture man's hopes to him plain,
 In SPRING's op'ning bud, and the bright bloom of
 MAY;
 His joys in the riches of AUTUMN's gay reign;
 In WINTER's stern frown, age and certain decay.
 And, more, lest the emblem (though strong), on man's
 mind
 Were lost, if but seldom ordain'd to appear,
 Me, throughout my long course, he in thunder enjoin'd
 To repeat the same lesson at least once a year.

XII.

This, faithful to duty and friendly to you,
I've perform'd, nor once heedlessly quitted my track;
For this 'tis your rancour my steps would pursue,
"And stripes without mercy inflict on my back."
As the sick peevish infant repels the kind hand
Which the draught brings of health, as the foe to its
peace,
You spurn my indulgence, nor yet understand
I study your welfare, and not your caprice.

XIII.

Yet all that can give to existence a charm
From me is deriv'd, must own me as its source;
The frolic of youth which Old Care can disarm,
The firmness which gives to maturity force.
I present to your view all that's precious and rare:
'Tis I ripen BEAUTY, from me rapture springs;
The nectar which dwells on the lip of the fair,
Is the dew which I shake in my flight from my wings.

XIV.

'Tis true life at best is but but rapture-streak'd grief,
Its joys, lightning's flashes, which bright'ning consume,
Or lamps, to give BEING's long night some relief,
While glist'ning stars tremble to gaze on its gloom.
Though not all its evils—I bring all life's good;
All are nourished by me—all not brought to decay;
The monsters which run by my side (a fierce brood)—
CONTENDING DISEASES, oft bear you away,

XV.

These so rapidly snatch you from life, all my strength
 Fails to carry me, them and the victim between;
 And, robb'd of my right, I'm contented at length
 To follow their route, their poor leavings to glean.
 Yet still as the ravager I am revil'd,
 As though I alone laid man's happiness low;
 For swiftness I'm censur'd where FORTUNE has smil'd;
 And scorn'd as a weak halting cripple by WOE.

XVI.

You, thankless for favours I've heap'd on your head,
 Have mock'd and insulted me in my career;
 But one day you'll own fast enough I have sped,
 If you live till Time whisper your exit is near.
 Oh, yes! when I drop age's snows on your brow,
 My steps you will own were sufficiently fast;
 And, struck with remorse for traducing me now,
 At least to my swiftness do justice at last.



LOTS OF GRIEVANCES.



DURING the short time the Editor of the New Series of the Satirist has been at his post, he has been made the repository of more complaints, secret stories, scandal, public and private grievances, than would fill the Volume of which this is the concluding Number. Philanthropy itself could not afford to publish *ninety-six* pages a month

on the subject of these evils, real and imaginary; but, though it is impossible to do all the good that may be wished, it is not impossible to achieve some beneficial objects; for which purpose, and for the amusement of our tender-hearted reader s, we select a few of the most entertaining cases of human misery which have lately come into the hands of the

SATIRIST.

MR. SAT.

From the period Buonaparte assumed the *Iron Crown*, I have entertained a strong antipathy to every article of *Iron* for which any other material could be substituted; and my dislike to that barbarous metal is now rooted beyond the possibility of removal, by my near escape from a very serious accident on Tuesday last.

You have doubtless, Sir, seen very pretty little fountains of real water, which threw up a jet so mathematically perpendicular, that a ball of cork thrown into it played and danced at the top most singularly for an hour or two together. How would you like to be in the situation of this Cork Ball? Such was very nearly my fate. In stepping across *St. Martin's Lane* the ground shook under me, and an explosion took place like the bursting of a bomb. But it was only the bursting of an *iron water-pipe*, so close to me, that if I had advanced one step I should have been whirled aloft in air in water, and sported on the summit of a *jet d'eau*, to the great amusement of the natives, for Heaven knows how long. Only think of this, Mr. Sat.—hissing hot, Mr. Sat.; and if possible procure some safeguard against his Majesty's liege subjects being at once made the sport of three elements,

earth, air, and water, and taught to dance to *pipes* of this sort.

EDMUND (*not Ironsides*).

November 14th.

Gravel Lane.

MR. EDITOR,

The severity of the criticisms upon actors in the *Times* Newspaper cannot have escaped your observation. The tomahawk and scalping-knife are there always wielded with rigour, and mercy never tempers the justice of the sentence. But I address you not to complain of the style and manner in which any performer is *cut up* who comes fairly before the public tribunal for judgment. My complaint against this cruel critic is, that he frequently, and unnecessarily, drags into view the demerits of those who do not, at the time of writing, come naturally in for a share of the public attention. Thus I do not quarrel with him for settling most dictatorially the standard of Squire Betty; but surely he ought to tell the world his opinion of that gentleman's acting, without degrading my friend Mr. Abbott by hauling him into a parallel. Hoping, Sir, that this notice will induce him to be more just in future, and teach him to condemn bad actors individually, without breaking the hearts of other deserving men by odious comparisons,

I am His

And Your humble servant,

PHIL-ABBOTT.

Covent Garden.

Monday.

MR. SATIRIST,

I beg to commend to your notice, as a righter of wrongs, and a redresser of grievances, the shameful system which prevails in the Corn Market, and which is most iniquitous from the beginning even unto the end. Look, Sir, to the situation in which we stand with regard to our *dear friends* Corn and Bread. The price of the former falls, and at the same time the price of the latter rises; so that, within one month of the getting in of a harvest, so abundant that not even a farmer can complain of it, our quartern loaf is upwards of Eighteen Pence. Some new measures must be adopted to remedy this most oppressive of all existing burdens.

AN OBSERVER.

MR. SATIRIST,

I am an industrious though not a rich tradesman with a large family, and under the pressure of the times it is not always that I can find wherewithal to meet, on the instant, the demands made upon me. I am also a loyal man, anxious to sacrifice to the utmost to support my country in the struggle she now maintains, not only for the independence of Europe, but for her own safety.

In this class, and with these dispositions, you will not think me likely to be an unreasonable complainer, or one given to idle clamour; and yet the evil against which I take my stand is comparatively of a trifling nature. It is the charge of *Six Shillings and Eight Pence* made upon every person who falls behind-hand in the payment of his taxes, so as to incur the infliction of a *letter* from the Solicitors of the Exchequer.

It is pain enough, Sir, to be unable to meet the demand of the Collector in due time; but, in my opinion, it is an

intolerable oppression to be further saddled with this *lega'* charge for the formal application. The subsequent proceedings are expensive enough, if attention is not paid to this notice; and I know men, in the same condition of life with myself, who have been rendered more discontented by the exaction of this Six and Eight Pence than by all the privations to which they submitted for the State. Surely Two Shillings, or Half a Crown, would more than sufficiently repay the first professional men in the kingdom for the trouble of writing three lines to demand payment of a debt to Government, which ought to show itself (where it can) more merciful than a private creditor. I do sincerely trust that in your respectable and loyal Publication a notice of this kind may attract the attention it deserves, and am,

Sir,

Your humble servant,

London.

A TRADESMAN.

MY DEAR SAT.

We Ladies don't think you pay us enough of attention. Pray be so good, by way of an atonement, as to use your influence with Government to procure an Act of Parliament, on the principle of the Hetman Platoff, who has offered his daughter in marriage, with a large portion, to any man who shall bring him Buonaparte dead or alive. There are numbers of us unmarried; and what we desire is, that this example may be followed downward, so that every Briton who takes a French officer, or soldier, shall be rewarded, according to the rank of his prisoner, with a wife, and a dowry at the expense of the State. By this means ministers will, in an agreeable way, reward the brave, delight the fair, decrease the

force of the enemy, and increase the force of their native land.

Dear Sat. try what you can do, and oblige the sex generally, and particularly,

Yours truly,

FANNY FONDLE.

Love Lane,
Fulham.

THE DOWNFAL OF MINISTERS.

KIT HUTCHINSON AT CORK.

THE generality of Classical Scholars have read or heard something of the direful effects produced among the Grecian hosts by the rage of Achilles; and, from keeping the history of these dread events in their recollection, they may in some measure be enabled faintly to anticipate the horrors now preparing to overwhelm the British Government, from the wrath of the no less formidable CHRISTOPHER HELY HUTCHINSON!! This hot friend to the Catholics, and warm admirer of Buonaparte; this *mild* Politician, who would not believe the devil to be quite so black as he is painted, having been rejected by the Electors of Cork whom he formerly represented in Parliament, seems, if we may credit newspaper report, to have entirely thrown behind him the fear of evil, and abandoned the natural milkiness of his disposition. His fury, like his disappointment, is unbounded, and, like the wretched Cobbett, he vents his frantic ravings in all the tempestuous impotency of weakness.

In the usual course of such matters we should suppose,

that this fiery Gentleman's speeches at the Hustings had suffered misrepresentation in their way to us, through the medium of the public prints; but, when we know that he always takes care to be provided with a Reporter from the office of the *Morning Chronicle*, whose delightful task it is to disseminate these oracles through the empire, we are compelled to view them as demi-official, and the corrected transcripts of the accomplished mind of the orator. Otherwise, indeed, we could never have believed even Mr. Hutchinson to have been so lunatic as to deliver the following Address, which he is reported to have delivered, on Tuesday the 3d of November, and which we copy from the newspapers most favourable to that gentleman's fame :

“ Why (said the Honourable Gentleman) are those clergymen arrayed against me, and against you the people of the land, under the Right Reverend the Bishop of Cork, and under, *I will say*, the Government of Ireland? It is the interference of a Divine Providence which interposes and protects us against them. A fireband has been cast *into* your city! (He should have said *out of*!) Orders, I am convinced, have been issued from the Castle, to the Right Reverend the Bishop of Cork, to array the Protestant against the Catholic, and cast a firebrand between them! (Query—Which took the field first?) He would never have dared so atrocious a deed, if it had not been so. Yes, Gentlemen, the Duke of Richmond has been making active—active exertions against me. I do thus publicly charge it upon the Duke of Richmond; and I will prove, that, for the last few days, the most violent and unfair exertions have been resorted to against me in this Election. I do charge it, and I will prove it, and lay it before the Prince Regent of England, that the most iniquitous proceedings, as well as the most illegal interference, has been set in motion against me, and that people have been sent from Dublin (Oh! horrid offence!) in coachfuls, to vote against me during this contest. Can any thing be more wicked, heinous, or unconstitu-

tional? (Assuredly not—no, not even lauding Buonaparte, and endeavouring to undermine the Government of your native land!) Yet you are all witnesses to the crime! But, Gentlemen, the reason of all this is clear. Some time back the Protestants (*the* Protestants—quasi, *all the* Protestants) of Ireland wisely and justly signed a Petition to Parliament, in favour of their oppressed and much-injured fellow countrymen, the Irish Roman Catholics. Gentlemen, this Petition had its effect, the union of sentiment so long unknown to, but then so newly sprung up amongst, Irishmen, had its due effect. Irishmen, if you could learn to be wise, (aye, inde-d!) and be united, such would always be the effect of your applications. On that occasion, the members of that house voted, and pledged themselves as a House of Commons to take your cause into consideration.

Gentlemen, how was a corrupt and vicious ministry to meet this? Why, only one way was left, and to that they were obliged to resort—they dissolve the Parliament, they call a new Election, and instantly as those Elections are about to commence, and during their continuance, they issue their legions of emissaries, they are sent forth against us, and the Lord Lieutenant of the country (bang-up and prime) drives forth coaches full of his wicked emissaries to Tipperary, to Limerick, and to Cork, to divide the people, to create confusion, to disturb the nation, to excite religious animosity, and to destroy the land. (*Fine climax!* What do ye think of a divided people, confusion, and religious animosity on a *destroyed* land?) I do charge the Duke of Richmond with disturbing the public peace; he who, as the Chief Magistrate of the nation, should be its watchful guardian. I do charge him with exciting in this city, a spirit, a diabolical spirit, than which nothing has, or can be known more disgusting in a Christian land, or more calamitous to an unfortunate country. And is all this against me? No; *it is not against me*, it is against you, against the oppressed people of Ireland; for your case is identified with mine, and because they know that while

you are oppressed *I will not be silent.* (*Most potent orator!*) I do repeat it, that the Duke of Richmond has done more, at this Election, *against me* and you (he has just said it was *not* against *him*), by setting the people at variance, and by creating a disunion of sentiment amongst you, than I could have thought that it was in wickedness to conceive, or power and authority to perpetrate. And yet this is the chief Governor, who, I understand, is to remain for some months longer in your country. Let him continue as such for a few months longer in this *distracted* land, and he shall quit it, I do pledge myself he shall, covered with disgrace, and followed by the curses of the people!—I do pledge myself, that he shall render a terrible account, for this wicked and violent outrage, before the Lords! I do pledge myself to drag this Duke of Richmond before the bar of his Peers, there to answer to them, and to the nation, for this terrible and heinous outrage against ME, against you, and against this unfortunate land!

Gentlemen, it is necessary to tell you, that these infernal practices may gain a momentary success—they (i. e. the infernal practices) may, for the moment, succeed in electing another! those who deal in them may think themselves successful in relieving my Lord Castlereagh, and the other ministers, from MY attacks; but I promise you that, after a very few months, I shall *again* return to you triumphant! (this is quite the Buonaparte style)—and, instead of releasing my Lord Castlereagh and his friends from MY (awful) attacks, perhaps I shall be enabled, with the assistance of my friends, to rescue you, not only from him, but from the most besotted ministry Ireland had ever to deplore. And here, whether in or out of Parliament, *I do most solemnly swear eternal enmity to my Lord Castlereagh*, (huzza! the modern Hannibal for ever!) than whom, in my soul, I do not believe there exists a greater or more dangerous enemy to Ireland; and to such like ministers, while they continue enemies to Ireland, I do pledge myself most solemnly in the face of you all, whether in or out of Parliament, to exercise *all* the energies of my mind and soul (What

all?) against those besotted ministers, to pull them from their seats, convinced that by so doing I am supporting that Church and State which they call themselves the friends of—but which, in truth, and in reality, they are the direct and most mortal enemies to.”

GENTLE READERS! Suppose a mean-looking personage, with a voice, the splutterings of which exactly resemble those emissions of sound which proceed from that excellent dish called *apple fritter*, when the heat beneath the pan in which it is cooked, aroused by the stirring poker, becomes too fierce for calm endurance—suppose such personage with such voice uttering the above speech in all the dignity of violence, and you will have some idea of the dread denunciations of the disappointed Candidate for Cork. *Vetus*, the sportive politician of the Times newspaper—the wondrous *Vetus*, in his last *short* letter, has told us, that in three months the present ministry will be no more. Add to this the pledge of Mr. C. H. Hutchinson, late of Cork, and you have a solution of the enigma—a peep at the quarter in which the storm is gathering; an anticipation of its horrors, when it shall burst on their devoted heads! Alas! poor Ministers!

How much cause, however, have these “besotted” men to rejoice in the success of their own arts, and in the exertions of the Duke of Richmond, by which they have been released, though only for a few months, from the desperate attacks of this their most formidable enemy—from that eloquence so persuasive—that reasoning so acute—that penetration so keen—that mental force so overwhelming—that, while within the walls of the House of Commons, they never could hold their seats secure, or count upon the votes of even the most venal of their adherents! Let them sing *Te Deums*

for their victory, for they have escaped from the persecutions of him from whom, while a senator, their was no escaping—of him who, in the last session of Parliament, declared his abhorrence of those who called Buonaparte naughty names!—of him who made speeches which remain to this good day unanswered; and who would have made many more, but that the united sense of the House, and the voice of its Speaker, put him down, fidgetting to his seat—of him who gave notice of a motion for the *repeal of the union*, which his unrivalled oratory would doubtless have carried had he brought it on—of him, the all accomplished, the terrible, the almost omnipotent CHRISTOPHER HELY HUTCHINSON, whose dread name alone is enough to strike terror and dismay into the hearts of all ministers whom he deigns to oppose!!!

Therefore let Lord Castlereagh rejoice, and all his partners in office be glad! Breathing-time is afforded them. Not only are they for the present relieved from the splendid orations of a TURTON—the patriotic harangues of a BROUGHAM—the adverse calculations of a TIERNEY—the brilliant corruscations of a HORNER—the pointed wit of a TARLETON—the biting irony of a WARDLE—the reforming periods of a ROMILLY—the deep learning of a GILES—and the fervid ratiocination of a BIDDULPH; but they have received a furlough from the *attacks* of him, more mighty than all the rest put together—from the speechifications of CHRISTOPHER, *ci-devant of Cork*.

Were it necessary to waste an argument against this *Hotspur of Cork*, we would say, that all his assertions proceed on the assumption of the doctrine, that HE is right, and the Government wrong; and that the loyal, by opposing the return to Parliament of a flippant, hot-headed demagogue, are the disturbers of the tranquillity

of Ireland, under *his* representation of a part of it. But we will not degrade the pages of the SATIRIST, by entering into a controversy with a creature uttering foolishness in the very whirlwind of passion, and in the very anguish of baffled ambition. The Electors of Ireland have read him and his party an useful lesson, by which we trust they will profit; and as for this pettish individual himself, we leave him to his self-conceit and fancied importance. Retirement for a season may teach him how insignificant he is; and, if ever he returns to public life, we hope it will be with a modest and becoming diffidence of his own merits, and then—he will not be a disgrace to Ireland from his political principles, nor a pest to Parliament from his babbling propensities.



THE INVASION OF CANADA.

(Concluded from page 423.)



Introduction to Canto the Second.

TO GENERAL TARLETON.



WHILE you retreat from public life,
From tumults and election strife,
Pethaps, my General, you'll delight
To read what I may chance to write.
The poet fain would soothe the grief
You late have known, and bring relief.
Reflect, great Sir, though fortune lower'd,
By numbers you were overpower'd;

And though at Liverpool you're spurn'd,
For Garratt you may be return'd,
As much admir'd, as firm, as bold,
As Jeffery Dunstan was of old.

'Tis true this unforeseen defeat
Greatly may not enhance the treat
You promis'd Boney—Peace obtain'd,
When all the victories you have gain'd
You meant to tell him of some night,
And talk o'er all you've done in fight.
But, oh! for this believe the Muse
Would grieve her Tarleton much to lose.
To France, then General, do not go,
Or going, don't let Boney know;
But call upon the King of Rome,
With him you may be *more at home*.

And now I touch the tuneful string,
Of mighty General Hull to sing.
With him too, just to show your brains,
Perhaps you'd talk o'er your campaigns;
For kindred hearts must ever beat
In social intercourse to meet;
How nobly each may other stun
With all the wonders he has done:
And when Hull tells, with thundering sound,
He march'd o'er fifty miles of ground;
Gave to the foe some lusty knocks,
And took and burnt a sentry-box,
How you will answer, "I of late
Have more in war done—(in debate),
Have single ventur'd in the fight,
And put the hostile force to flight;

E'en Wellington (then Wellesley),
Has been oblig'd to run from me;
And General *Hope*, when present there,
Reclin'd his head in wild *despair*."

Such may your conversation be,
So edifying, and so free.
What though your feelings it may shock,
To be the public laughing stock?
Your own esteem will make you whole,
Your own applause for all console.
What, too, though Hull, compell'd to yield,
Surrenders on th' invaded field?
This cannot wound *that* hero's fame,
Nor hurt *his* proudly *boasting* name;
For he no more look'd *like a fool*,
Than you yourself, at *Liverpool*.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

Ceas'd General Hull, and as he ceas'd
The crowd around him ceas'd to yawn;
Rarely such soporific feast
They'd had, I trow, since life's first dawn:
For, ah! to them 'twas never giv'n,
To hear those sounds—best gift of Heav'n,
Which England's sons not vainly seek,
When Williams Wynn vouchsafes to speak;
Nor those which at St. Stephen's fane
From Turton *soft* steal o'er the brain;
Nor those which Ryder knows to shed,
To soothe to sleep the aching head;

Which rumble from Sir Watkin's throat,
 And mark grave Abercromby's note ;
 Which croaking burst from Littleton,
 Or from great Tankerville's spruce son ;
 Nor those which from *wise* Hutchinson
 Come (in debate when he would grapple)
 Hot, splutt'ring like a roasted apple ;
 Nor those which, though both sharp and shrill,
 Serenely let us slumber still,
Through Newport's nozzle, while they thrill ;
 Nor those which, oh ! too high the treat !
 E'en of Sir John the *whistle* beat,
 And which, unequall'd, matchless yet,
 Leave the great *nose* of great Burdett :
 Fine contrast to Jack Fuller's roar,
 Fit *treble* to the *bass* of Folkestone's *waking* snore,

II.

They never heard, ill-fated men !
 Lord Milton's soft composing strains ;
 Nor those which *fix* the listener, when
 Parnell to make a speech takes pains ;
 Nor have they heard those worthies two,
 Mountague Matthew, called the sage,
 And learned Matthew Montague,
 In rational debate engage.
 Brougham's endless mazy rigmaroles
 To them were never known ;
 And, oh ! they never heard—poor souls !
 A speech from Hawkins Brown ;
 And more, to finish their distress,
 They never heard Young Busby, as I guess,
 Recite, at Drury Lane, his Dad's Address,

III.

All faint the sun now sought the West,
To take a little needful rest,
And, fast preparing for his bed,
He next put on his *nightcap red* ;
And, while th' observing eye he meets,
About to slip between the sheets,
Sheets by the rising ocean form'd,
Which for himself, himself has warm'd
(For Sol, e'er since the world began,
Has serv'd as his own warming-pan),
While still receding from the sight,
He seems to bid the world "good night ;"
Hull takes the hint he gives, and here,
For this day ends *his bright career* ;
And happy, by *himself admir'd*,
The *hero* to his tent retir'd ;
While many a sneer and many a grin,
Which many a one could scarce keep in,
And sneers, before repress'd but half,
Burst as he went in loud horse-laugh.

IV.

Soon as 'twas said "Morn's herald crows,"
The Sun and General Hull arose,
And day came following the sun,
Before brave General Hull to run ;
When loud was heard another *cock*,
Known by the name of Isaac Brock.
This cock—a *hearty cock* was he,
Came mighty General Hull to see :
But he, his taste though some may quiz it,
Felt little pleasure from this visit ;
For Brock so many brought to eat,
Hull fear'd, perchance, his men for meat

The English hungry troops might seize,
Their raging hunger to appease.
But ere we more pursue their course,
'Tis meet I should describe Brock's force :
Hull's valiant host, observe you then,
Exceeded scarce Two Thousand men.

V.

First, Thirty warriors led the way,
Valiant and stout as loyal :
Of the artillery park were they,
Who bear the name of " Royal."
Newfoundland's regiment adds to them
Two Hundred Fifty more,
Well skill'd war's raging tide to stem,
And brave the cannon's roar.
Comes too, from these not widely sunder'd,
Of fierce Militia Men—Four Hundred.
Six Hundred Indians clos'd the rear,
With tomahawk astounders,
Who knew their foes when they came near,
To lay as flat as flounders ;
And with them mov'd, it should appear,
Three six, and two three pounders.

VI.

Soon as he saw this mighty host,
Well might Hull think that all was lost ;
But think not, though he heav'd a sigh,
He weakly set him down to cry.
At first he starting gave a stare,
Exclaiming, " Zounds! how came they there?"
Then, lab'ring to dismiss his fears,
He shook his head and scratch'd his ears

(Ears which by all his friends, 'tis said,
Look as if torn from Midas' head),
And raising high his 'kerchief now,
He wip'd the sweat that dew'd his brow.
Here let me say it is a rule,
In danger heroes should be *cool*.
Hull then was prov'd a hero bold,
For e'en his very *sweat* was *cold*;
And then he cried, "'Midst dire alarms,
By Jove, I'd brave a world in arms;
Let them their worst do, where's the matter?"

This speech, a Cæsar not beneath,
Was echoed by his dauntless teeth,
Who on the subject needs must chatter.

VII.

A troop, who now came running back,
Cried, "Brock commences the attack :
What shall we do?—or yield, or fly?"
"Why fight—go conquer them, or die."
"General, come head us."—"Hey! what me?"
Oh—yes—I'm coming—Let me see!
We'll beat 'em—hang it, who's afraid?
But come the Indians to their aid?"
"They do."—"I have it then; we'll tender
Offers to Brock—we'll all surrender.
This we'll do—not to save our lives,
To please our children, or our wives,
But just to show these rabble rude,
Our firmness, and our fortitude:
And soon their haughty pride we'll check;
For when they march us to Québec,
Then, Yankies then, we'll play the deuce,
For if we can we'll all break loose.

VIII.

"The truly valiant are the most discreet;
Discretion will not let me risk defeat.
The fall of great Michillimackinac,
Might make another hero turn his back;
But Hull, disdaining ignominious flight,
By yielding 'scapes the dangers of a fight.
We know the Indians, all around,
Are on the side of England found,
From Mississippi's shores—by Gosh!
And south from Ohio, and Wobosh.
While fierce to war their chieftains bolt,
Tecumseh, Logan, and Marpolt,
Walk-in-the-water too, sad dog,
Appears with terrible *Split-log*,
Who if he once near'd General Hull,
Would write his name upon his skull.
The Wencebagoes, Monominies,
And the fierce Pultawatamies,
Munsees and Delawares,
Ottowas, Chippewas, and lots
Of Kickapoos, and Wynandots,
I understand are theirs.
They'll kill and eat us without salt:
'Tis therefore now high time to halt,
And strive by skill the force to mock
Of this same General Isaac Brock."

IX.

Offers were made and terms obtain'd,
And soon a prisoner's rank he gain'd;
And in such times it, "to be sure,
Was something to *be made secure*;"

Although he could not gain what he
 Had promised others—"Liberty!"
 Their arms Brock took, while Yankey-doodle,
 Rejoic'd the enemy to noodle,
 Resolv'd to "play with him the deuce,
 And shortly, *if he could*, get loose."
 Thus modest Hull display'd his parts,
 Potent alike in arms and arts.
 Those whom so lately he address'd,
 Once more to see the hero press'd;
 And thus the *wily* chief they cheer:
 "Good General you are welcome here;
 We might assistance ask of you,
 But that we do not seek;
 Let others such a course pursue,
 Who feel that they are weak.
 Your force we see from your condition,
 Has now look'd down all opposition."
 I said before, Hull's army then
 Exceeded scarce Two Thousand men.
 Their bayonets worn "*down to the sockets*,"
 Brock put the muskets in his pockets.

THE ECCENTRIC SOCIETY,

AND

DOCTOR BUSBY.

MR. SATIRIST.

ALL the world, that is, all those in our immediate circle and the immediate circle of an author being the whole town, his all the world means persons of

every rank and condition of life in the metropolis; all the world, Sir, is acquainted with the name and merits of the ECCENTRIC SOCIETY. But, as your country readers are out of the world, it may be necessary to state briefly, for their information, what this society is. It is an association founded upon most enlarged and enlightened principles; untainted with the mystery of Masonry, which may conceal plottings the most direful—unfettered by intolerance, sectarian bigotry, or prejudice, which too often exclude merit from the pale of community—undefiled by theological controversies, which convert the milk of human kindness into gall—and undisturbed by political squabbings, which rob social intercourse of its sweets, and give us weeds where we should gather flowers, bitters where we should enjoy sweets, and discord where harmony should prevail. Such are the foundations of what in this age of mystery, of intolerance, of bigotry, of prejudice, of methodism, and of politics, may indeed well be called an ECCENTRIC SOCIETY.

The room in which the members assemble is one of those places so universal in London, provided for the evening's resort and entertainment of the busy crowd, who in this vast city pursue in a thousand ways the avocations and labours of the day, till descending shade relieves them from fatigue and care, and gives them to indulgence and enjoyment. But it is removed from the common class of these *caravanseras* by certain peculiar features which elevate it far above all its rivals. No society in existence presents so complete an epitome of the Great World, of which it is the most perfect microcosm. While coffee-rooms, and inferior houses, boast only the quidnuncs, the smokers, the croakers, the common-place, the scandal of the day, the stale tale of the morning oft repeated at night, the even, serene,

uninteresting, unmeaning, drowsy tinkling of the human voice, speaking but saying nothing; the Eccentrics are elevated into the regions of wit, sporting in the mid air of humour, discussing with brilliancy points of importance, or drolling on the ludicrous scenes which London is ever and anon presenting for the laugh of the disciples of Democritus, or for the censure of the graver moralist.

Amusing themselves alternately with rational conversation, with tempered raillery, with the discussion, in the form of debate, of literary or trifling subjects, and devoting to deeds of charity the funds which arise from moderate fines and fees of admission, the frequenters of this Society (among whom are persons of every denomination, from the peer to the mechanic, through all the variety and gradations of the titled and untitled, the artist, the author, the actor, the musician, the merchant, the shopkeeper, members of the learned and unlearned professions, the student, the negligent, the man of fashion, the soldier, the sailor, the countryman, the natives of all countries, the professors of all faiths, and an *et cetera* of characters, which, to particularize, would fill a volume) here amalgamate, and, at an expense suited to every pocket, enjoy amusement without guilt, and fun without mischief, following in all respects the excellent advice—

Interpone tuis interdum guadia curis.

Sometimes with mirth and pleasure lard your cares.

The Eccentric, though very numerous, is still to be considered as a Private Society, never obtruding itself on the public but when its funds are applied to charitable purposes. As such, they would deserve no space in the Satirist. But, Sir, the matter I have to lay before you presents them in another form, and subjects them to your dominion. They have, Sir, overstepped the modesty of

their nature—they have committed an overt act of treason—they have attempted to snatch the *sceptred lash* from your hand, and to exercise your high prerogative. Oh, Sir, with what compunctious visitings am I compelled to expose the imprudence of my parent—but, *fiat Justitia!*

DOCTOR BUSBY, the castigation of whom, in your last No. might have satisfied the most relentless, poor Doctor Busby is now becoming the *hoaxing-stock* of every wag in London. The antipathy of *Busby's* to *Birch* (an entirely new discovery) has been elicited through the provocations of one punning epigrammatist—the Doctor's *weak* side has been exposed by another *armed* wit, whose means reaching *Six Pence* a piece for sundry glass seals, with diverse noble coronets upon them, has made their impression on wax the passport to a more strong impression on the Doctor's bewildered mind, who could not credit his eyes, or believe his senses, when these unexpected epistolary honours flowed in upon him—a third bemocks him in laudatory prose—a fourth burlesques him in empty verse: in short, he is the butt for every whipster puny witling to discharge his arrow at. How noble then was it in the Eccentrics to step forward in their dignity, and shield this individual from bolts shot at *human frailty!* It could not be an energizing object for them to pursue; and the honours they have heaped upon this *Lucretius* must save him from the shafts of ridicule and profundity of contempt.

After a very flattering discussion on the subject, this famed Assembly came to the resolution contained in the following letter, which was forwarded to Doctor Busby, and so transported him with triumph, that ever since the period he has been barely *sane*.

*Society of Eccentrics, Sunderland Arms,
Great May's Buildings.*

SIR,

28th of October, 1812.

AMID the pristine wars of the old and the recent wars of the new world, the destruction of old and the creation of new theatres, it is to me, who now address you, an energizing consolation, that the Society of Eccentrics have deemed your Address on the opening of that Temple of national edification and amusement, New Drury, an unexceptionable passport to the Sunderland Arms, Great May's Buildings, between Bedfordbury and St. Martin's Lane, and an undeniable qualification, or, as it were, a patent royal, to mix in the nocturnal reciprocation of erudition, wit, and humour, held in that truly celebrated institution.

Your presence there, Sir, will be at all times congenially acceptable; and, if illustrated by the rare irradiations of genius, the exquisite touches of sensibility, and the irresistible magic of embodied sound and sense, which characterised your Monologue, and no less distinguished your intended introduction to it, never spoken but published, it cannot fail to raise you to that which seems the noblest aim of your soul, the very climax of eccentricity.

The Eccentrics, Sir, have ever held in just veneration the memory of him whom they suppose to be your illustrious ancestor, the Doctor Busby of Westminster School, whose hat was not doffed even to the overwhelming awe of Majesty itself; but their veneration of you is more lively, more affecting, more sympathetic. They must ever receive with gratitude the Busbiana left by the learned pedagogue; but the Busbiana, created and propagated by you, will be ever endeared to them and their posterity by the transcendent and ever memorable proofs you have given of your super-eminent attainments in the science of eccentricity. May your Lucretius, which is now perhaps less generally, but certainly, with us Eccentrics, more ardently expected than ever, exalt you to a still higher sphere!!!

In stating to you, that on Saturday the 24th inst. th Society of Eccentrics elected you an Honorary Member, I beg you to believe me your enthusiastic admirer,

J. B.

Secretary Pro. Temp.

Thos. Busby, Esq.

Queen Ann's Street.

After this, Mr. Satirist, will you dare to consort with the little-minded throng?—No!—bold as you may fancy yourself, you will not dare to lift your finger up against the man whom the Eccentrics have delighted to honour. Arrived now at the pinnacle of wordly greatness, DOCTOR BUSBY, M. H. S. E. (*Membrum Honorarium Societatis Eccentricarium*), shall look down with dignified and *silent* pity on the *things* below, who, by attacking him, only endeavour to tag a name to his popularity, as boys affix crumpled bits of paper by way of tail to the majestic kite.

I am,

PHILO-BUSB-IRONICUS.

N.B. No connection with Wedderburne Webster, or any of his *puffers*, or of the *puffers* of *Philo-Byronicus*.



CONGRATULATIONS ON DISAPPOINTMENTS.



TO THE EDITOR OF THE SATIRIST.

BEING “in a right merry and conceited” mood, my fancy prompts me amazingly to tell you and your readers

a short story; and as I am one of those who never spoil a "good mind," out it comes. It chanced that, among a certain jury, no matter where, who were impanelled to be the arbitrators of a certain cause, no matter what, on a certain time, no matter when—eleven out of twelve were sensible and reasonable beings, but the twelfth was a bigoted and self-sufficient booby. They heard the evidences, received the charge, and were closeted for the consideration of their verdict. The matter was as clear as the sun at noon-day, yet the *not-able* wiseacre for a long time refused to join in the unanimous opinions of his fellow jurymen, till at length, either moved by the compunctious visitings of hunger, or the more searching calls of conscience, he unwillingly acquiesced in their decisions. Yet, after his dismissal, he was heard to mutter to himself the following memorable words:—"How 'tis to have to deal with obstinacy! Here have I been cooped up with, and obliged to give way to, the wishes of eleven opiniated people—out of twelve men but one was to be found who had the use of his reason. Had they all *thought like me*, the *judgment would have been very different, and consequently as it ought to be*—but when folks have made up their minds to be obstinate, Old Harry himself cannot turn them."—"So ends my tale."

Now, as every fable, and most tales, should have an application, I have mine ready "cut and dried." I have been thinking to myself, and "I'll wager a ducat" you will think so too, that the conduct of several of the unfortunate foiled and disappointed candidates for St. Stephen's Chapel, since the elections (for, as you have castigated them so ably for their conduct during the elections I must not venture my weak pen on that part), admit of a very fair parallel with our bigoted and obstinate jurymen. Had our Waithmans—our Broughams—our Halletts—our Cob-

betts, and all those who "with prophetic creak bode England's woe," the smallest particle of decent shame, the least perception of right and wrong, after the signal defeats they have met, after the contempt with which they have been treated, and after the almost unanimous reception with which they were greeted and hooted by the British electors, like the vain daw when decorated with borrowed plumes, from the fancied and unstable thrones they had erected for themselves; had they, I say, the least foresight, they would have slunk away in silence, and with "troubled consciences," to their original insignificance. But *pro pudor!* like our unassuming jurymen, or like their well-beloved neighbours the French, who the more they are beaten the more they illuminate, and the more noise they make, these "Whig Club Scribblers" annoy all sober-minded people with their fulsome and lying addresses, "To the independent Electors of —." * "Though the termination of the poll may have defeated the hopes of some, yet *to us it must ever be the source of the highest pride and satisfaction*. In reviewing its progress we find every cause for triumph, none for disappointment and dismay." Again, † "As to a seat in Parliament, *I have no desire of one*." (Come, that's well said, I admire any one making a virtue of necessity; encore, encore, magnanimous Hallett—and let those who are weak and foolish enough believe you.) "To you, Gentlemen, whether *from ignorance of my real principles*, or *from error in your own*, who have solely voted for Mr. Dundas, I beg to tender my respect and esteem." Vain, ignorant Egotist! shallow reasoner! it was *knowing* your "*real principles*," and knowing them to be vile,

* Vide Address of Steward and Williams to the Electors of Weymouth.

† Hallett

of Berks.

that determined the *eleven* out of the *twelve* to refuse you their votes.

But the most flagrant, the most impudent, vain, ignorant, and lying assertions made by any of the defenders of this rank school of politics is the twelve penny imposition and quackery (which you have so justly exposed in your last) of that contemptible democrat William Cobbett. "Our triumph yesterday was as complete as ever I could have *wished*." (*Expected*, he meant; but this is only one more to be added to the incalculable blunders of which this *elegant* writer is guilty.) "In the course of my address to you, and which you received (as you ought, with every mark of contempt and scorn) in a manner which convinced me that (I was despised and detested by all parties) *success* must finally attend *our exertions*." Here's application to my story with a vengeance! What a pity it was the whole Jury of Electors did not think as William Cobbett thought—poor opiniated, deluded mortals, why did they not do the one thing needful—elect the Botley Deserter an M. P.? But, seriously speaking, can this poor weak creature be so vain as to suppose that he can thus so palpably impose upon his reader's belief. The Sheriff not "decide" indeed as to the show of hands! Why, he knows, I know, every person that was present knows, that the notorious Wm. Cobbett scarcely—nay he did not obtain a hearing, and that very, very few hands indeed were held up in his behalf.

But "conceit in weakest bodies strongest works," and these mistaken sons of folly I fear are utterly incurable; they will ever remain as objects for the finger of scorn to point at, and fit subjects for the lash of the Satirist.

"Oh, that some wholesome discipline would the dunces rule,
And send them all to gaol—or some such school!"

VERITAS.

November 15th, 1812.



TRIAL, CONVICTION, AND SENTENCE
OF
FORTY-ONE DRURY ADDRESS WRITERS.

WE never approached a publication with a stronger hope of being amused than we did this volume *, and for once we have not been disappointed. The very title opened the flood-gates of laughter, which the contents, as we proceeded, with very short intervals of repose, kept widely extended. There is something so ludicrous in the sound of the "*Genuine rejected*," that it is impossible to resist it, although it be the prelude to *many offenders*, who had been before *committed*, being brought up to *Bow-street* for final examination, previous to taking their public trial.

MR. JUSTICE M'MILLAN having selected *forty-one* of the most notorious of these depredators (two of them, viz. C.T. and Nec deficit Alter †, charged with double offences), has handed them over to the strong arm of the law, to undergo probation, for the commission of not fewer than *forty-three* separate crimes. He took the precaution of having them all *bound* before he suffered them to quit his office, where he treated them like

* The Genuine Rejected Addresses, published by M'Millan, Bow-street, pp. 130. Price 6s.

† Quere—Neck deficit Halter.—ED.

galley-slaves * ; *His Honour* wisely observing at the time, that as they were fellows of much *address*, they would certainly effect their escape, if they were not quickly handed over to the *press-gang*, or indeed *thrown-off* at once.

As the trial of these unfortunate creatures could not be otherwise than interesting to the world, we took the trouble of being present on the occasion, and the following may be relied on as a correct report of their several cases. The charges being briefly stated in an *introductory* speech for the *Crown*, setting forth, that certain stewards of a vineyard on Parnassus had invited labourers to assist them in manufacturing a beverage for the public use, and promised handsomely to reward the most ingenious experimentalist—that, in consequence thereof, the prisoners, in common with many other evil-disposed persons, did by force and arms, that is to say, by rhyme and measure, forcibly make entrance into the said vineyard, and there commit the breaches of the peace, assaults, thefts, robberies, riots, and depredations, complained of, and did refuse quietly and peaceably to withdraw therefrom, although legally and rightly required by the said stewards so to do. In support of these charges, the deposition of *Childe Harold* was put in as evidence, and the prisoners called upon to plead, which they immediately did in one voice—NOT GUILTY.

The bar was then cleared, and the accused being brought up severally, were put on their defence.

HORACE TWISS pleaded his cause with considerable ability, in the course of which, however, he took occasion to throw blame upon the public for that of which they

* Galley (not Gallows), a printer's term for a certain quantity of type employed in composition.

are innocent, namely, the corruption of the stage. What he said applied not to the subject he ought to have handled, but appeared like reading a lesson to the town, and consequently had no weight with the Jury. He was ultimately found guilty of irrelevancy generally—of want of meaning in the following couplet:

Be ours the safer glory to have chas'd
The *fires of ruin* from the *shrines* of taste.

And of bad measure in the line—

Then let not cavillers henceforth teach the town.

The next Prisoner refused to give his name. His defence consisted in an indifferently told history of the rise and progress of the drama, without point or application. As an example of his style, which brought down sentence upon him, the following may suffice:

By wasteful flames our Theatre destroy'd,
Long have you sigh'd for scenes you once enjoy'd:
Long in *its* ruins our Apollo slept,
And art and genius o'er *its* ashes wept."

The Court was much affected by the appearance of the third party accused, "ANNA, a young lady in the fifteenth year of her age"—so early will human depravity incite to vice! She narrated a pretty little story, worthy of her tender years, all about Lord Wellington and Shakspeare. She said very sweetly—

For now has Fate on Britain sweetly smil'd,
And look'd propitious on Old Ocean's child;
Has *bade* each sorrow, each complaint, be o'er,
And *clad* her *brighter* than she was before,
In Glory's robe, which Victory's self has spun,
And Fame commanded that it should be done.

Here was a fine to-do about dress. Who but a very young lady could have managed all this? She was *cast* for the above, and for often *changing her person*.

On the fourth being called, W. T. FITZGERALD marched boldly forward, and placed himself at the bar, as if by no means afraid of appearing before a public tribunal. He began—

When wrapt in flames, terrific to the sight,
Old Drury perish'd in one fatal night,
The troubled shade of Garrick, hovering near,
Dropt on the burning pile a pitying tear !
For oft, permitted from the realms above,
Departed spirits watch the place they love.

Here the Judge inquired if it was intended to set up the plea of insanity for this defendant. Being answered in the negative, he was allowed to spout proofs of extreme loyalty, and to state that—

For, still *unfetter'd* as his native *wave*,
A briton's birthright is to scorn a slave !

upon which he was instantly convicted.

JOHN TAYLOR was next called, and proved to be a very old and well-known offender in this way. His defence on the present charge was short, but not unapt, and the conclusion of it made a sensible impression in his favour:

Then shall the stage, mild supplement to law,
The heart to just and kind affections draw ;
Then Truth with Taste and Fancy shall combine,
The passions to control, exalt, refine,
Till they delighted bend at virtue's hallow'd shrine. }

Though recommended to mercy by these lines, he was found guilty upon

Terror, that proudest Guilt must shudd'ring hear,
it being held that guilt could *not* hear Terror.

The next Culprit was ALICIA LEFANU, from whose statements it appeared, that, like the preceding Prisoner,

her default could not be considered of a heinous nature, or worthy to draw down the weight of severe punishment. She perhaps did not attend so entirely to her proper business as she ought to have done, but diverged after a very excusable theme; the glories of her country. There is a blemish in the following couplet, speaking of the drama:

And when she ceas'd on classic realms to smile,
She fix'd her home in Britain's happier Isle.

The Court considered Britain to be *also* a classic realm.

C. T. was speedily convicted of being an old *stager*, by his using the word *STAGE* *four* times in *nine* lines.

His case was decidedly bad, as was proved by the following bold figure:

Rude artless themes inspir'd a barb'rous age,
And *song* and *gesture* were the earliest *stage*;

and

Monarchs were taught the glory to be great,

Brave people learnt the virtue to obey;
and this important advice,

Ye British youth, be brave; be chaste, ye fair!

Being one of those tried on two indictments, he met a similar fate on the second, for the very first line—

While years revolving sweep the human race,
which was clenched by its successor—

And each retiring scene to new gives place.

T. J. Z. Z. also a most deplorably clear case—ex. gr.

Then sacred Writ gave ample food for fire,
To warm the *Painting* or to tune the *Lyre*

And he who strove this edifice to raise,

May well be said to have deserv'd our praise.

With strongest feelings of the heart impress'd
(Hard to describe, and *hardly* to be guess'd),
I come, I hope, to meet *what* always tends
To foster genius—Ancient Drury's friends.

So shall the *dormant wing* of talent spread.

Oh! oh! oh! oh!

Dr. BUSBY and his SON were next found guilty of energizing on the clearest evidence. As their unfortunate cases are already before the public, we shall not dilate on them in this report.

T. was tried next. His conviction followed on the first line—

Shrouded in gloom, when *frozen whirlwinds* sweep,
and confirmed by

Whilst Ocean's *billows* sound his parting knell—
no witness in his behalf being able to speak positively
to *frozen whirlwinds*, or to their ever having heard the
knell of a billow!!

JOSEPHUS, condemned for

The *scene* we tread with awful joy to-night;
for the rhymes, "foot" and "hut," and "bead" and
"head," and for being altogether weak and unpoetical.

W. H. WATTS (a poetical name, *vide* Watts's Hymns) defended his cause in an open manly manner; and, without bursting into any sublime flights of fancy, or eliciting any very striking poetical beauties, certainly showed grounds why the indictment against him should be quashed. The only speck that attached to his character was, whether the word "alloy" could be applied to reflection from a glass. But on this he was cast by his inexorable Judges.

E. L. SWIFT made a *descent* stand against his accusers, but they found him guilty of using the word "haply" in

two successive lines, and of talking of "luckless omens," without rhyme or reason. Though possessed of some merit, there did not appear to be enough to entitle him to a complete acquittal. Sentenced to be privately whipt and discharged.

LEVET DESDAILE. Guilty of verse without meaning—

The muse once more asserts his custom'd right,
And asks your suffrage for her op'ning night.
If taste and candour shall decide our cause,
Those mighty *umpires* of the drama's laws,
We bow with reverence to their joint control,
And spring, with ardour fir'd, to reach the goal.

J. S. set off well, but in attempting to be witty fell into merited disgrace. His style mixed and incongruous, and guilty of rhymes, such as "inflam'd" with "sustain'd"—"whelm'd" with "ascend," he suffered the awful sentence of the law.

The Crier having called into Court E. N. BELLCHAMBERS, the offender, before entering upon defence, said, by way of

"ARGUMENT. To celebrate the mysteries of Bacchus, Melpomene, the tragic Muse, is dispatched from Parnassus into Greece, from whence, in course of time she departs into Italy. Driven thence by the irruptions of the Goths, she at length reappears in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at a period when liberty is supposed to emerge from the cave of Superstition, whither the persecutions of the preceding reign had driven him. He becomes enamoured of the Muse, the gods permit their union, and Shakspeare is produced as their offspring."

The conclusion—

Cheer'd with your smiles, then, all our hearts' desire,
Drury again shall to the *clouds* aspire,
And, like a new-born *Phœnix*, flourish from the fire. }

Ordered to be committed to *Bedlam*.

J. H. B. convicted of calling the Public "*Deciders of Laws*;" of saying of Garrick—

'Twas his to curb the licence of his age,
And *re-erect* the *beauties* of the stage.

And also for thus speaking of the fair sex, and concluding,

Should they but smile, we dread no frowns—not one!
For how can clouds withstand so bright a sun?
All the mishaps performers can foresee,
Sink to the ground, and disappear—like me!

[Going off at the Side Scenes.]

Sentence.—Close confinement and spare diet.

Nec deficit Alter—condemned, without appeal, on the first indictment, for invoking "Pow'rs who o'er theatric realms preside," and for the following grievous offence:

Quick! let some fresh experiment be tried;
With speed let every actor learn to ride;
Brutes fill the parts so long usurp'd by men,
And what is now a stage be made a den.

On being asked when Brutes learnt to ride, pleaded youth and inexperience. When called on for his defence to the second action he was more successful, and offered a number of sound observations. They were, however, better adapted for a didactic poem on the subject of the stage, than for an Address on the opening of a New Theatre, and were therefore justly condemned. Grammar dislikes this line:

For sure, whate'er the bigot's zeal pretend.

The following passage makes ample atonement:

By truth inspir'd, transcendent SHAKESPEARE came;
Unquestion'd heir of everlasting fame!
Spurn'd the dull bounds that vulgar souls confine,
And wav'd his pinions for a flight divine.

Beneath his touch a new creation grew,
 Though wild, consistent—though ideal, true;
 Fancy to him resign'd her pictur'd zone,
 And nature claim'd his offspring for her own.
 Such was the bard who, in Eliza's reign,
 That language spoke which art could never feign,
 With genuine life adorn'd the mimic scene,
 And charm'd alike the peasant and the queen.

The next Prisoner saved all his friends and connexions from shame and disgrace by concealing his name. His offence was rank, beginning thus:

In orient clime, when years decreed have run,
 Awhile the *solar* bird (the Phoenix) appears *undone**;
 But though 'mid flames the beauteous *form* expire,
 Anew it rises from extinguish'd fire;
 Again *fresh plumage* decks the splendid *frame*,
 And *rays of brightness*, life resum'd, proclaim.

After any thing so fine as this, only think of the filthy line—

On Drury's favour'd *soil* we breathe once more!

He was found a delinquent, and sentenced to one month's confinement in Bridewell.

The Jury, fatigued by the great length to which the trials had gone, here requested liberty to withdraw for refreshments. They were accordingly locked up by the proper officer, and allowed two pages of poetry each, at the expense of the Prosecutor. The Court then resumed its sitting, as of the second day, in *Error*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

* Undone—unroasted.

STATE OF THE ITALIAN OPERA.

IN a preceding No. of the NEW SERIES of the *Satirist*, we made the public acquainted with many particulars relative to the KING'S THEATRE, and at the same time promised to take an occasional peep at the situation and circumstances connected with the management of that fashionable and ruinous concern.

The crisis, so long anticipated, has at length arrived, and on Saturday evening, the 14th of November, the law-loving manager, Mr. Taylor, to defeat the claims of Mr. Reid, and for the more facile pursuit of his favourite study, took up his residence in the King's Bench Prison. He will there add practice to theory, and hereafter, doubtless, be more fortunate in his SUITS than he has heretofore been. This is the fruit of the two last seasons, which together have caused the treasury a *loss* of upwards of *Seven Thousand Pounds!!!* Seven Thousand Pounds in two years, the joint work of the extravagant salaries paid to the foreign MERCENARIES who prey on the folly of our nobility and the public; and of the resistance of the subscribers to the exorbitant demand made upon them for an increase in their subscription, in order to enable the Manager to indulge a little longer in the shameful system which had already prevailed too long—a system of extortion, waste, weakness, absurdity, misconduct, and mischief.

The consequence of this Taylor's measures, and of the matters we have just stated, is, that the ITALIAN OPERA must be *shut* for a time, and probably, unless existing differences are adjusted, for the whole season, 1812-13.

When opened again, it must be under an entirely new system; for no theatrical concern in the metropolis can, or ought to be, enabled to stand against such intolerable

impositions as those practised upon us by the French and Italian subjects of Buonaparte, who do us the honour of fleecing us, and laughing at our simplicity and credulity. Liberal and munificent let us be; but there is a point beyond which liberality becomes prodigality, and munificence madness, alike criminal and unjust; and caterers for the public amusement have proceeded at this Theatre so far beyond that point, that we are at a loss for words to characterize the disgraceful extent to which they have gone.

MADAM CATALANI, to whose talents we have ever paid the just tribute of the highest applause, is one of the great causes of this Theatre's bankruptcy, by the extortion of which she is guilty; and which, so far from being a proof of national generosity, it is absolutely a proof of national insanity and dishonour to have so long submitted to. This *dear* lady has demanded and received for her nightly song upwards of *Sixty Pounds* a night, with *Two* free benefits in the season (doubly insured), making together an annual revenue from the Opera House (start not, sensible reader!) of *Five Thousand Pounds!!!* MONS. TRAMEZZANI, that modest foreigner, who makes trips to Brighton, and elsewhere, to pick up a little more without leave of our good-natured Alien Office, having only *One Thousand Pounds* a Year, requires peremptorily, and obtains, *Fifteen Hundred* and a benefit!!! Monsieur and Mad. Didelots' heels are as expensive as Mr. Tramezzani's pipe, or Catalani's nest of nightingales. Being only newly arrived, they were for the present content with *Two Thousand Pounds* a Year; a benefit free of expenses; and all the candle-ends and cheese-parings arising out of the sole direction of the ballets, and the provision *ad libitum* of the dresses and decorations!!! Put, John Bull! groaning under taxes and privations, with your metallic currency in a state of

fugitation; put, says the SATIRIST, these items together, and you will find, that with all your griefs and troubles you have been paying these *four* foreign singers and dancers, for their grand exertions at your Opera House alone, Sixty nights in the year, the sum of not less than *Ten Thousand Pounds!!!!* Oh! no wonder it is in their private converzationes—" *La Bete, Le pauvre Jean Bull!*"

But the inadequacy, in their own opinions, of even the immense sums allowed to these harpies, has not been confined to the chiefs alone. From the Empresses and Emperors downwards, through all the intermediate ranks of sopranos, buffos, fiddlers, scene-shifters, figurantes, spies, and candle-snuffers, there has been a proportionate demand for augmentation of emolument; and beneath this load of abuse and extortion, thank Heaven! these exotic leeches have at length sucked their victim, till fainting, if not death, ensues. We say, thank Heaven! for, according to the trite adage, "When things come to the worst, they must mend;" and we do look forward with some degree of hope to a total reformation of the Italian Opera.

As a prelude to this we learn, that a letter has been dispatched to Mad. Catalani, at Edinburgh, informing her that she will not be wanted on the day of her engagement (20th Dec.), as the expenses of the Opera have become too heavy for the subscription, and offering her, therefore, *Thirty* pounds per night, instead of the *Sixty* she enjoyed last season. No doubt the dear lady will be in a pet about this, and may perhaps threaten to go back to Paris to sing to Buonaparte, should he ever have the good luck to return thither; but it is the duty of all interested to remain unmoved in their resolution to reduce these most reprehensible allowances, not only with respect to Catalani, but their whole Corps, musical and

operatical, and they must ultimately triumph. No country in the world can afford, or does afford, to give them more than one fourth of the amount they levy in Britain; and, though they may resent curtailment a little at first, in a very short period we should possess them again, or performers equally good, at one third of the money we now pay.

We have not room nor inclination to dilate further on this subject at present. But, for the information of the Fashionable World, to whom it is a subject of some interest, we have briefly to add, that either the performers must abate in their claims, or the subscribers must rise in their contributions—or the former must seek a livelihood elsewhere, and the latter be deprived of a favourite amusement. If a compromise takes place, in the event of which, we trust, these observations and statements will meet with the attention they deserve, the Opera will (it is reported) open later and shut earlier in the season, the subscription number of nights being made out, as they were formerly, by performances on Thursdays. We shall, probably, next month notice the effects of the steps that may have been taken to bring matters to an arrangement; and we understand that great hopes are entertained of an adjustment of all differences. In the mean time the extravagant demands of the *corps* have in some measure defeated their own ends. Of the last payments by the Theatre, in August, *Four Shillings in the Pound* only was forthcoming, and the innocent suffer to this extent with the guilty; all except CATALANI, who has taken care to be paid by *Weekly Installments*, reversing the name of the entertainment to “NO SUPPER, NO SONG!”

We carefully abstain from saying any thing respecting the late *mysterious fire at the Pantheon*, as our information is not yet so full and correct as to be relied on,

THE MOON.



(To be continued Monthly.)

GUNPOWDER *—FOR THE SATIRIST.

MR. EDITOR,

As you did me the honour to insert my last communication, the following few lines on Gunpowder, in these days of war, may prove worthy of a place in your interesting numbers.

I am,

Mr. Editor,

Your very obedient,

R. S.

Bath, 5th November, 1812.

Quid Bellicosus Cantaber.—Hor. Od. XI. Lib. ii.

GUNPOWDER! let the soldier's pæan rise,
Where'er thy name or thundering voice is heard,

* When we read the title of this paper, we were afraid of a blowing up, but the signature allayed our apprehensions.

Dissipat R. S. curas edaces.—Hor. Od. xi. Lib. 3.—SAT.

Let him who, fated to the needful trade,
Deals out the adventitious shafts of death,
Rejoice in thee; and hail, with loudest shouts,
The auspicious era, when deep-searching art
From out the hidden things in nature's store
Cull'd thy tremendous powers, and tutor'd man
To chain the unruly element of fire;
At his control, to wait his potent touch;
To urge his missile bolts of sudden fate,
And thunder terribly his vengeful wrath.
Thy mighty engines, and gigantic towers,
With frowning aspect awe the trembling world.
Or weak or powerful, what escapes thy force?
When thy dire thunder, and thy sudden blaze,
Hath taught the birds to tremble—little know,
Ah! little know, those gentle sons of air,
How fully their destruction is aveng'd:
That man himself, thy terror's boasted lord,
Within the blacken'd hollow of thy tubes,
Affrighted sees the darksome shades of death:
Nor only mourning groves, but human tears,
The weeping widow's tears, the orphan's cries,
Sadly deplore that e'er thy powers were known:
Hosts whirl'd in air, and cities wrapt in flames,
Attest the horrid triumphs of thy might.
Yet, let thy advent be the soldier's song—
No longer doom'd to grapple with the foe,
With nails and teeth—when close in view, and in
Each other's grasp, to grin, and hack, and stab;
Then tug the horrid weapon from one breast,
To hide it in another.—With clean hands,
He now, expertly poisoning thy bright tube,
At distance kills, unknowing and unknown;
Sees not the wound he gives, nor hears the shriek

Of him whose heart he pierces.—*Gunpowder!*
(O! let humanity rejoice) how much
The soldier's fearful work is humaniz'd,
Since thy momentous birth—stupendous power!

On the late ROBBERY of Sir T. CLARGES' LIBRARY.
By Tho. Bolton.

Your heads hide, Lancaster and Bell,
And burn your poor productions,
You who so quickly teach to spell,
And promulgate instructions—
What are your plans, your sand, your slates,
Your punishments and pensions?
Compar'd, they sink (so will the Fates)
Beneath more grand inventions.

Oh! who for education more
Will toil in school or college,
When in ten minutes learning's store
May be acquired, and knowledge?
Long years of labour's tiresome round
Engage but stupid Dolt on:
Since science may *at once* be found
By genius—*à la Bolt-on.*

On a QUARRELSOME COUPLE walking LOVINGLY
together in the Street.

OLD Roger, who for half your life
Have brawl'd and quarrell'd with your wife,
How now so close, you surly fellow?—
It rains, and she bears the umbrella!

MR. SATIRIST,

IF you think the following worthy of a place
amongst your *Lunaticities*, you will oblige

Your constant reader,

T. P.

HAIL! London hail! the glory of the nation,
Where, fir'd with patriotic emulation,
The Fleet-street Draper strives your votes to gain,
A seat in Britain's Senate to obtain.
Had BOBBY's efforts with success been crown'd,
What blest effects to England might redound!
He'd pay *three-quarters* of the nation's debt—
Procure a *lasting Piece*, and, better yet,
Corruption's baneful influence *counter-act*,
Curtail the Pensions by the great ones sack'd;
From hireling Placemen tear the hated *veil*,
And preach economy e'en to a *nail*;
Oppose the Tories, *Yorkshire flats* cut up,
Invite the Talents home with him to sup;
And though some say his politics are *stuff*,
His patriotism at the best—a *puff*,
He'd prove to all the world, without a *swap*,
His *measure's good* in Senate and in Shop.

PLEBEIAN AMBITION.

WHITBREAD, whose brains are still devising,
Or how to *raise*, or to *be rising*;
To make Vacation shorter,
When in the HOUSE he cannot *rise*,
First *raises* Drury to the skies,
And then—he *raises* Porter!

A YOUNG Cambrian, who had just arrived in town from Cardiganshire, on meeting Astley's Cart, to which was a placard affixed with the words, "Bill Distributor's Cart," observed—It wass very ott Mr. William Distributor wass not haf hiss crissen nam at full length on his cart.

*On Mr. BROUGHAM's declaring himself, at Liverpool, the
ENEMY to Mr. PITT and his Measures.*

"To Pitt, and to his measures, foe
Am I," cries Brougham, with face of brass.
Thus the DEAD LION, well we know,
May suffer kick from *Living Ass*.

The VERSATILITY of BUONAPARTE.

Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.

———To beguile the time,
Look like the time—

SUITED to every time and place,
Napoleon deems no change disgrace;
In form, religion, and in name,
Still changing, and yet still the same,
As interest calls he moulds his ways,
And turns just as ambition sways.

In revolutionary times
Is *Brutus* stain'd with Pagan crimes:
On Egypt's shores, with alter'd plan,
Is *Ali* a true Mussulman:
In Russia last, of Boors the scoff,
His *nom de guerre* is—*Boney-off*!

On the DEFEAT of Mr. HUTCHINSON, at Cork.

DEPRIV'D of his services, HUTCHINSON thinks
Cork, its *property* lost, swims no longer, but sinks.
Dear KIT, be of comfort, nor deem of your lot ill,
Since you're out with the *Cork*, do sit in with the *Bottle*.

THE GAY LOTHARIO.

Copy of the Lines ROMEO COATES *intreated* Miss E. BOSWELL *to write for him, to present to* Miss TILNEY LONG, *which he passed for his own.—After he had them painted round with* MOSS ROSE-BUDS, *he carried and offered them at the divine Shrine himself.*

TITIAN, could he but view thy heav'nly face,
In vivid colours he'd each beauty trace;
Lucretia's charms were great, but *thine* surpass
Nature's first model, e'en that *Grecian* * lass.
Enchanting fair one! save, oh! quickly save,
Your dying lover from an EARLY grave.
Lady, ah! too bewitching lady! now beware
Of *artful men*, that fain would thee ensnare,
Not for thy *merit*, but thy FORTUNE's sake—
Give me your hand, your Cash let *Venals* take.

* Sic in the original.

REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FIAT JUSTITIA!

EBRIETATIS ENCOMIUM; or, *The PRAISE of DRUNKENNESS.* By BONIFACE OINOPHILUS *de Monte Fiascone*, A. B. C. *Chapple, Pall Mall, pp. 209.*

ALTHOUGH looking at the practices of our day, and the prevailing aptitude for libation, we should scarcely think it necessary for any author, however well-disposed, to have bestowed much labour in recommending plentiful potations; yet since Boniface Oinophilus has taken the trouble of searching into the best and most ancient authorities in favour of wine and conviviality, and of adducing them in praise of drunkenness, our task, as Reviewers, is only to consider the manner in which he has performed his undertaking. If he had failed, we might have contented our critical fancy with the old saying, "*Good wine needs no bush;*" but we are happy to say, he has acquitted himself in a manner, which, though it imposes upon us a longer, at the same time imposes upon us a pleasanter duty to perform. The cheering glass is here so potently extolled—its efficacy so strenuously enforced—the example of indulgence in it so highly, religiously, philosophically, poetically, and politically displayed, that those who never drank before

would, by reading this Encomium, be tempted to make a trial of the bottle; and those who have been in the habit of indulgences in the social bowl, be taught to drink deeper ere they departed from these learned and entertaining pages.

The Work consists of thirty-three Chapters, devoted to the demonstration of the following facts:—that one must be merry—that wine drives away sorrow, and excites mirth—that it is good for one's health to get drunk sometimes—that old people ought to get drunk sometimes—that wine creates wit, makes one eloquent, acquires friends, and reconciles enemies—that the custom of getting drunk is most ancient—that the primitive Christians got drunk—that churchmen, popes, saints, bishops, illustrious men, philosophers, poets, free-masons, and *other* learned men, got drunk—that nations, particularly the Germans, &c. used to get drunk. Also, considerations in favour of drunkenness—an answer to objections against drunkenness, as causing infinite evils—as exciting mirth which is only chimerical—as distempering the reason—as rendering men unworthy of trust—and, as making them incapable of performing the duties of civil life. Burlesque, ridiculous, and out-of-the-way thoughts against drunkenness—a ridiculous aversion that some people have to wine—rigorous laws against wine and drunkenness—rules to be observed in getting drunk; not too often, in good company, with good wine, at convenient times, &c. &c. which admirable rules, with a humorous postscript, finish the memorabilia of this whimsical volume.

Not to do discredit to the instructions of so able a writer, we sat down to peruse his book, with a few friends by our side and a bottle before us, temperately determining to wash down every chapter with only a single bumper

of old port. Now, this rule did extremely well for the first dozen or sixteen chapters, and we got on with laudable diligence in the work of marking remarkable passages, of cutting out keen observations, and of performing all the duties of impartial, acute, and profound criticism. But, after this period, either from the author's becoming more entertaining (which we profess not to have been able to see), or from some other cause unnecessary to be here insisted upon, by the time we came to the thirty-second chapter and glass, we had abated much of our accustomed acumen, and totally forgotten to put between the leaves those slips of paper, and *nota bene*s, by which we were thereafter to be directed to a systematic and regular recurrence to the parts most necessary to be pointed out for the notice of our readers. Thus, reduced to a dilemma, with the first chapters properly indexed for observation, but the latter part of the volume entirely un-noted and almost forgotten, we are compelled to sit down to the review of this learned and elaborate work. Now it is certain that, if we do justice in writing to the beginning, it will appear that we do injustice to the end, to which, however, we did justice in drinking; and therefore must either pass over without regard, or read again, which, notwithstanding the delight it promises us, we lament to say, is put out of our power by our manifold avocations. We must consequently content ourselves with advising our readers to go through the *Encomium Ebrietatis* in our stead, and with briefly stating our opinion of the general appearance and conduct of that well-meant production.

In treating his subject, the style and manner of Mr. Oinophilus is, like what his subject ought to be, old, strong, rich, and racy. He avoids all affectation of modern improvements, and scorns to put new wine into

old bottles. This gives his *Encomium* more the air of a compilation than of an original composition; and, indeed, even where he appears to speak in his proper person, it resembles the speaking of an ancient. By this means the *Work* seems to be a translation of the opinions of former writers; and, as the author has stuck to them literally, we are deprived of that lightness and elegance which (had another course been adopted) might have been introduced. But the very plentiful besprinkling of classic quotation, in support and adornment of the various topics discussed, rendered it impossible for the author to frame his structure in the airy, easy, manner to which we allude. He has, on the contrary, in a gravely humorous mood, and on authorities the most unlooked-for, laid down solid reasons for indulging in fluids. He tickles the imagination through the understanding, and, while he amuses, displays so curious, so intimate, and so general an acquaintance with writings of all ages, kinds, and languages, that our instruction is almost equal to our pleasure. The illustrations of the text from the classics are of the most amusing description, and so numerous, that this little book may be said to contain an epitome of all that was ever advanced by Greek or Roman, in prose or verse, in favour of drunkenness.

We shall conclude by extracting, as a specimen of our author's manner, a page of his chapter, to show "that wine creates wit:"

"In respect of Poets, the world was always so sensible of the necessity they lay under, of having their imagination roused by wine, that nobody ever had any good opinion of the production of a poet that drank water, that non est Dythyrambus si aquam bibat; and wine was called the poet's great horse. There never were any excellent poets, says Mr. Bayle, that could versify till after drinking pretty plentifully.

And, if we believe Plato, "he could never open the gates of poesy till he was a little beyond himself." The soul can speak nothing grand, or above the common, if it be not somewhat agitated.

Horace (1 Ep. xix. 3.), who knew by experience this truth, goes yet further—

Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possint,
Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.

Poor water drinkers sing an irksome tune,
Short-liv'd their numbers, and their thoughts jejune.

Ovid bewailed himself very bitterly for want of wine in his exile :

Impetus ille sacer, qui vaturn pectora nutrit
Qui prius in nobis esse solebat, abest.

That sacred rage that feeds a poet's breast,
Common to me, is now no more possest.

La Motte (Ode Pind. 1.), my beloved Frenchman, has something not unlike it—

Loin une raison trop timide
Les froids poetes qu'elle guide
Languissent et tombent souvent—&c."

Thus illustrating, and quoting, and observing, Boniface Oinophilus de Monte Fiascone performs his task with great apparent ease to himself, notwithstanding his learned researches, and to the no small delight of readers of all kinds, for he has wisely subjoined English translations to his foreign-lingo passages, and thus rendered his drolling obvious to the most uncultivated, as well as to the most classical capacities.

THE ADVENTURES OF A DRAMATIST, *on a Journey to the LONDON MANAGERS.* 2 vols. *Lackington, Allen, and Co.*

THESE moderately-sized volumes are, as we are informed by the dedication, the production of Mr. B. FRERE, of Staffordshire, who has thrown into the amusing form of a novel a number of the *entertaining* realities which await the pursuit of theatrical literary fame and emolument, in the present state of theatrical management. This work he has whimsically enough dedicated to that dramatic and political luminary Mr. Whitbread, whom he therein praises most enormously, not for rebuilding Drury-lane theatre, but for his "undaunted, strenuous, *persevering* endeavours to bestow on two rival nations—on Europe—on the whole earth—the blessings of an *honourable, and consequently of a lasting PEACE.*"!!! Since the O. P. riots, it appears to be the fashion to mix a little serious politics with a little *Playhouse* trifling.

Having disburdened his mind of this patriotic egg, Mr. Frere proceeds in an introduction to solicit the critical regards of the periodical distributors of fame, whom he (we are afraid in some instances justly) accuses of being open to corrupt influence, but whose notice he nevertheless provokes, because, as he says, "their censure is much less to be dreaded than their silence."

The first and most amusing volume narrates the adventures upon the road of a person, who, having written a good comedy in Hereford, determines to journey with it "up to town," for the purpose of procuring its representation, and the consequent reformation of the stage. The second volume states the natural result of this Quix-

otic expedition, namely, the rejection of his play, on the account of its merits, by the Managers of Drury-lane and Covent-garden.

To a work of this kind it cannot be expected we should devote much of our limits; but even were that our wish, it would be impossible for us to follow our inclinations on the present occasion, and combine the *speedy* with the *enlarged* notice of a book, which we did not see till late in the month—our remarks must therefore be of a very general nature.

With a considerable fund of humour, and a mind capable of comprehending what is doing in the world around it; a talent for observation, and a lively manner of communicating what he has noticed; the author has thrown more of pleasantry, acute discrimination of character, and general information, into this bagatelle than we often meet with in trifles of the class to which it belongs. His portraiture of Methodism, in the family of Mr. Selwyn, and their spiritual director CHUBB, is accurate and just, and the opinions delivered upon the subject merit a place in a work of a graver nature. He, however, very successfully calls in *ridicule* to the aid of *truth and reason*.

On the political matters which he *lugs* into his work we cannot speak so favourably. The vision, which occupies thirty pages (or one *seventh*) of the 2d volume, is not only uncalled for, but unentertaining—a load of trash thrown in for a make-weight, which disgraces the other parts of the bargain. The common-place rants on the subjects of *jobs*, *sinécures*, *ex officio* informations, and the other demagogue follies of the brawlers of the day, are equally unworthy of his pen, and unnecessary for the promotion of the general end of his work. Indeed his party bias in the great business of politics appears to usurp too much of his mind, and to warp his judgment; for

surely he cannot be thought a man of discriminating powers (such as we have described this writer to be) who would class together, as of one political opinion, "Moir, Erskine, Romilly, and Whitbread."—With such men as Mr. Whitbread, as the gods of his idolatry, we cannot wonder at the following sentiment respecting the London Gazette, which may be taken as a sample of the mode in which this Staffordshire patriot views the matters in which his country is most interested.

"Sir, Whatever was the *real* result of the transaction, the Gazette affords me numberless precedents for claiming the victory; and, judging by such futile objections as these, one would suppose that you had never read, in that *authentic record*, the *dispatches of our generals*."

This savours strongly of *Morning Chronicle*, which believes no accounts but those *via Paris*.

Dismissing however this, the only objectionable portion of "The Dramatist," it is with pleasure we bear our testimony of approbation to the other parts.—The story of the phantom in the first volume is highly ludicrous and entertaining, and the description of the negotiation in favour of the new play, though not so light and amusing as the Tour to London, is yet very pleasing, and contains a number of excellent observations. We believe the reign of monsters upon the stage is now over, and that rationality, of which the SATIRIST has ever been the warmest advocate, is now resuming its sway; so that if the author has in his porte-feuille a drama of the sort he describes (and we are inclined, from the natural turn of his story, to think there is more in it than imagination), we would advise him to make another trial of his fortune with his friend Mr. Whitbread. The worst that can happen to him is, to be furnished with further matter for *Adventures*.

We shall conclude with the picture drawn by the Dramatist of OXFORD—it is very severe, and we trust fabulous!!

O, Oxford! town of sloth, of gluttony, and of syllogisms, where the old are narrow-minded, and the young frivolous. O, Oxford! adieu! In quest of sense, genius, and wit, I cannot be too far from thy walls!

Our readers will recognise this as a parody on Rousseau, *Emile*, vol. iii.

O, Paris! ville de bruit, de fumée et de boue, où les hommes ne croient plus à l'honneur, ni les femmes à la vertu. O, Paris! adieu, nous cherchons le bonheur, l'amour, l'innocence, nous ne serons jamais assez loin de toi.

THE DEATH OF BONAPARTE; *or*, ONE POUND ONE. *A Poem*, by CERVANTES. *Lund, York.* pp. 16. Price 1s.

THE BATTLES OF SALAMANCA AND BARROSA, &c. *by the Same.* *Sherwood, Neely, and Jones.* pp. 44. Price 2s.

THE STATE DOCTORS, *by the Same.* pp. 38. Price 2s.

THESE several productions are of a very various nature. The first is a squib of the day, on the subject of a late law-suit between a clergyman in Yorkshire and Sir Mark

Sykes, the latter resisting the payment of "One Pound One" *per diem*, during the life of Buonaparte, for which he had, in a bet over the bottle, received £100 from the *reverend* Rector, whom, for the honour of the cloth, we forbear to name.—The second is a poetical description of the celebrated battles, the glory of which it records with a feeling worthy of a Briton, if not in poetry worthy of an Apollo. The truth is, we are tired of these Battle Songs—they are worn out; and unless the verse is pre-eminently beautiful, and there is greater originality of thought, and strength of imagination in them, than we can flatter Cervantes there are in his Cantos, they are to us the most stale and tiresome of even modern productions. The author of Talavera has much sin to answer for. The commencement of Barrosa has however some merit.

THE BATTLE OF BARROSA.

I.

Is there a heart in Britain's isle
Which does not feel the patriot glow,
A cheek which does not wear a smile,
When Britain triumphs o'er her foe?

II.

Can Party's prejudice enslave
The noblest sympathies of mind,
Withhold the tribute from the brave,
To valour deaf, to merit blind?

III.

Yes, some there are so mean, so base,
(My Muse indignant scorns to name,)
Would hail their native land's disgrace,
Exult in secret at her shame.

IV.

Heav'n! how such wretches I despise,
Such whining, wheedling, worthless elves,
Who, deck'd in patriotic guise,
Exclusive virtue claim themselves.

THE STATE DOCTORS present higher claims to our commendations, and is a work which may be read with considerable amusement, as well from the manner in which it is executed, as from the matter it contains. The loyal and the well-affected will ever be pleased to see faction exposed and ridiculed in works of a price so small as to be within the purchase of those ranks most likely to be benefited by their perusal; and to all such, as well as those who patronize loyalty (few there are of them), and the labourers in the sterile vineyard of real patriotism, we recommend the Poem from which the following extracts are taken:

Brentford's hero, and the pride
Of Westminster (I sing) beside;
Sound the marrow-bones and cleavers,
Ludd's new march before the weavers,
Blow the horns—and bruise the drums;
Lo! he comes! he comes! he comes!

SONG.

Air—Rhoderick Dhu.

HAIL to the *pride* and the *glory* of Britain;
Hail to the *Patriot* so staunch and so true,
Hail to the man so proper and fitting
What our ancestors did for us all—to undo.
 Hell, give him hope enough,
 Earth, give him rope enough,
To hang all the Princes and Ministers too;
 Then shall each *honest soul*,
 In a full flowing bowl
Drink to the *Patriot* so staunch and so true.

Who of his *virtues* can ever write fast enough?
Who can disclose all his hopes and his views?
Statesman and *Whig*—they can write master puff,
Fee them well first—and so can the *News*.
 Cobbett, for lucre bright*,
On either side can write,

* NKB. Not for Bank Notes.

And like Cameleon vary his hue ;
 The chiefs of the Forum too
 They can *encore* him too,
 Drink to the *Patriot* so staunch and so true.
 Drunkards, and Gamesters who're tir'd of cogging,
 Blacklegs, and Blackguards who've nothing to do,
 Soldiers and sailors who do not like flogging,
 Hasten to him, and he'll teach you to brew
 Mischief in Church and State,
 Sedition in debate ;
 Forward, my hearties ! the game is in view.
 Now each fill a bumper,
 And give him a plumper,
 Huzza ! for the *Patriot* so staunch and so true.

Cameleon C—b—tt next must claim
 Our song, for 'tis the Poet's aim
 To deal impartially and true,
 And let the " Devil have his due."
 C—b—tts, or Cobblers, ne'er shall lose
 An inch by me, or by my muse.
 Sooner could Waithman hold his tongue,
 Burdett allow he has been wrong,
 Cartwright confess himself mistaken,
 Or Hunt recant to save his bacon ;
 Sooner could C—ff—d cease to drink,
 Or *Patriots*, ere they speak, could—think ;
 Than I could stoop, by way of jobbing,
 (A second-handed sort of robbing,)
 To write what conscience disapprov'd,
 Though C—b—tt-like, the *spirit* mov'd.

Dehalfwitto, the Linen-draper,
 Who deals in veils, and vind, and vapour,
 Well known to ev'ry Fleet-street st—mp—t
 As London's loud-ton'd lying trumpet,
 Who blows, and breathes, and blows again,
 With all his might and all his main,
 So loud, that one would think his scull
 Was full of vind, his body full,

And that he finds this method best
To practise, when he's most opprest ;
For eind we know will have a vent
With or without the mind's consent :
This man of Gingham and of Gas
Commands the fourth-rate fag-end class.

'Tis not from words we judge—but *facts* ;
'Tis not from promises—but *acts* ;
Need I (accursed be the name,
Cover'd with everlasting shame !
Mention their W——'s coward fears,
And shameful flight from B—— A-r-s ?
Need I recount their wond'rous works,
Perform'd against the turban'd Turks ?
Need I to name that crisis * lost
When Britain's aid was wanted most,
When twenty thousand British boys,
Led by the General of their choice,
Had they but shown their steely metal,
Would soon have turn'd the beam of battle ?
Need I—but no—I will relax
And only name the I—c—e T—x,
Which they, to save a *petty* trouble,
Consistently contriv'd to double.

Nor do I feel indisposition
To countenance an Opposition ;
The thing indeed is very proper,
When us'd as a tobacco-stopper,
To keep the ministers of state
Within due limits by its weight ;
But, when that spirit once descends
To private purposes and ends,
Opposes *but* for opposition,
To vent its spleen and spoil'd ambition,
Then it becomes another matter,
And just and lawful food for Satire.

* Campaign between the Russians and French.

*Review of LORD BYRON'S CHILDE HAROLD'S
PILGRIMAGE, and other Poems, concluded.*

LEAVING on our left hand all consideration of his religious principles, and tenets, scattered through the Work, which are of the kind described by the Poet,

Nobis cum semel occidit, brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda—

we proceed to the consideration of the minor Poems in this volume. The first, to which we shall direct the attention of our readers, as evincing a liveliness of thought, and sprightliness of versification rather unfrequent in our noble author's compositions, is called

"STANZAS:

Written in passing the Ambraccian Gulph.

1.

Through cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,
Full beams the moon on Actium's coast:
And on these waves for Egypt's queen
The ancient world was won and lost.

2.

And now upon the scene I look,
The azure grave of many a Roman;
Where stern Ambition once forsook
His wavering crown to follow woman.

3.

Florence! whom I will love as well
As ever yet was said or sung,
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell)
Whilst thou art fair and I am young:

4.

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,
When worlds were stak'd for ladies' eyes :
Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new *Antonies*.

5.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,
Yet, by thine eyes, and ringlets curl'd !
I cannot lose a world for thee,
But would not lose thee for a world !"

The lines in page 217, written at Athens, breathe a very different spirit:

"The spell is broke, the charm is flown!
Thus is it with life's fitful fever :
We madly smile when we should groan ;
Delirium is our best deceiver.
Each lucid interval of thought
Recalls the woes of nature's charter,
And he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr."

Lord Byron seems to us too often, in his own person, to reverse the third line of the above stanza ;

He madly groans when he should smile.

We profess not to have a very clear conception of what is meant by "recalling the woes of nature's charter;" and to be utterly ignorant how

—"he that acts as wise men ought,
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr:"

If the measure would warrant such a supposition, we should imagine that the little particle, "not," has, by the error of the printer, been omitted in the first of these two lines. As it is, however, we must believe that the noble Lord did not write this poem in one of his "lucid intervals of thought;" although we deny that he has proved, that "Delirium is our best deceiver."

The verses in the next page, written after swimming from Sestos to Abydos, are in a much better tone, and are at least lively, if they are not poetical:

1.

"If in the month of dark December
Leander, who was nightly wont
(What maid will not the tale remember?)
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

2.

If when the wintry tempest roar'd,
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,
And thus of old thy current pour'd,
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

3.

For me, degenerate modern wretch,
Though in the genial month of May,
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,
And think I've done a feat to-day.

4.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,
According to the doubtful story,
To woo, and—Lord knows what beside,
And swam for love, as I for glory.

5.

'Twere hard to say who far'd the best:
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague you!
He lost his labour, I my jest;
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague."

At page 226, we find a translation of a Romaic song, which it seems "is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes." It is deservedly so; for it is full of sentiment and tenderness.

1.

"I enter thy garden of roses,
Beloved and fair Haidee,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.
Oh, lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;

As the branch, at the bidding of nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidee.

2.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When love has abandon'd the bowers—
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drank to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave!

3.

As the chief to the combat advances,
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierc'd through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidee!
There Flora all wither'd reposes,
And mourns o'er thine absence with me."

The three Addresses to the memory of "Thyrza," a lost beloved object, abound with touches of pathos. From the first we extract the following description, than which we do not think there is a more exquisite passage in the whole volume:

———"many a day

In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours.

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
 The smile none else might understand;
 The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
 The pressure of the thrilling hand;
 The kiss so guiltless and refin'd
 That love each warmer wish forbore—
 Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
 Ev'n passion blush'd to plead for more—
 The tone that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
 The song, celestial from thy voice,
 But sweet to me from none but thine;
 The pledge we wore—I wear it still,
 But where is thine?—Ah, where art thou?—”

By the line which we have marked in italics, it seems that the noble Lord has had a fair observer and reprover of the melancholy of his temperament; a melancholy which it appears existed before the occurrence of that powerful cause of sorrow, which these three sweet poems so pathetically describe. Their beauties are numerous; but we must content ourselves with extracting the following simile from the last of them:

“In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre.”

And the affecting conclusion:

“Time tempers love, but not removes,
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
 Oh! what are thousand living loves
 To that which cannot quit the dead?”

In the poem, entitled “Euthanasia,” there is a recurrence of that misanthropic feeling which we have already so freely censured. Of this the three first stanzas will afford a sufficient specimen:

"When time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear."

"Suspicion," says a great moralist, "is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious; and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt. It is our duty not to suppress tenderness by suspicion; it is happier to be sometimes cheated than not to trust."

From the sentiment contained in the closing stanza we must also declare our utter dissent:

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be."

What can be the effect of indulging in such a puling train of thought but to debilitate the mind, and, by the contemplation of the exaggerated evils of the imagination, to unfit it for those reciprocations of benevolence, and those virtuous and vigorous efforts, the conscious recollection of which will always afford consolation under the real ills of life?

The stanzas begun in page 244, are so replete with genuine poetry—they are so touchingly mournful, and at the same time so devoid of that scornful unamiable tone which mingles with some other effusions of the noble

author's grief, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of extracting them :

1.

“ And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to earth !
Though earth receive them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

2.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I lov'd and long must love
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis nothing that I lov'd so well.

3.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who did'st not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou can'st not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

4.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

5.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away :
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

6.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that follow'd such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade :
The day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last ;
Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky,
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

7.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed ;
To gaze—how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

8.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou has left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee ;
The all of thine that cannot die,
Through dark and dread eternity,
Returns again to me ;
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years."

In page 253 is a poem addressed to a youthful friend.
It is avowedly written "some years ago;" and is much

inferior to any of Lord Byron's recent compositions. We notice it merely to repeat, that even "some years ago," before the event which the noble Lord so tenderly laments in the verses that we have just transcribed, he pretended to consider himself as the victim of an overwhelming sorrow. We own ourselves surprised that, after years of deliberation, any one could permit the publication of such a misanthropic passage as the following; the language of which is as puerile as the sentiment is reprehensible:

—"for myself, so dark my fate
Through every turn of life hath been:
Man and the world I so much hate,
I care not when I quit the scene."

It is a matter of regret, that this young nobleman, endued as he certainly is with talents of no ordinary character, chooses thus to cherish, or affect to cherish, a gloominess of mind which, as we observed in the commencement of our strictures on the volume before us, is in many instances tinged with a very unamiable spirit; as it is not satisfied with the expression of a grief, which, however justly it may be deemed weak and feminine, may nevertheless be pardoned, but vents itself in a bitterness towards human nature generally, which nothing can excuse. If so vulgar a consideration as pecuniary advantage may be supposed to operate favourably on the noble Lord's mental morbidity, we sincerely hope that the recent sale of Newsted Abbey for £140,000 (it having been previously estimated at only £60,000) may impart more cheerfulness and benevolence to the tone of his feelings: or, if literary fame may correct his misanthropy, and turn his feelings into a more genial current, we look for some happy changes from the effect of the Drury Lane Laurel.

THEATRES.

Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.

HORACE

COVENT GARDEN.—MR. BETTY.

THE bubble which amused the town some years ago and burst, having undergone a change wrought by the hand of time, comes again before the critic in a more tangible form. The young Roscius has ripened into the man Mr. Betty; and, like all infant prodigies since the fabulous days of *Hercules*, the fruit bears no proportion or resemblance to the blossom. Admiration beyond desert, and expectation beyond probability, have arrived at their natural conclusion—the wonderful boy! the astonishing infant! the baby Garrick! the amazement of doting dowagers, and the beloved *play-thing* of boarding-school misses of the most critical understanding, turn out to be, what the judicious and intelligent looked for, a mere common mortal. The public, formerly so much divided in opinion with regard to determining the standard of his merits, are divided no longer. Friends and foes (if he has any) agree in essentials, and differ only in mode and figure, and, more than all, in the scale by which he is to be tried.

Before we proceed to deliver our sentiments upon the subject, we shall endeavour to clear our way in this respect, and strike the medium between the rival parties. That the young Roscius obtained so much celebrity, deserved or undeserved, is assuredly no fault of Mr. Betty's, and it would be somewhat unjust to mete his present efforts by a reference to his former fame,

although we confess he is now living upon that source. But, we fear, he has been measured by this rule in some of the daily Journals, which imparts to their observations, however correct in other points, an air of asperity and animosity which they do not intrinsically possess. On the other hand, his panegyrists have called upon us to urge to our judgment in his behalf, the plea of youth and of charity, and to form our estimate of his talents as we would of any other entirely new candidate for theatrical honours.—If we disapproved of that critical severity which would stretch this actor on the Procrustean bed, enlarged beyond human limits by unbounded expectations, we are equally far from admitting the data or justification of his supporters. When we hear that Mr. Betty's present exertions are for the charitable purpose of portioning his sister, we answer, that the tide of favour which his boyhood enjoyed, was sufficient to enable him to provide for his whole generation beyond their claims or hopes, and that, if he has since that period chosen to dissipate the fortune he so *strangely* realized, in personal expenses, dissipation, or debauchery, it is to his own shame, and the public have nothing to do with providing for his relations; as if, indeed, he were a minister of state, or person high and distinguished in the military or naval service of his country. Let Miss Betty find her

way through the world as if the young Roscius had never gulied it! —Then, with regard to his youth, and his claiming to be viewed as an ordinary debutant upon the boards, and the anticipations of future excellence, which a few of his fervent admirers, in spite of all they see, hear, and feel, continue to inculcate, we reply, that if juvenility, and inexperience, and promise, come before us in their native modesty, they shall meet with our warmest encouragement; but if they boldly thrust themselves forward, and claim the rank and the *pay* of maturity, experience, and hard-won, real, existing, pre-eminence, then, they are aggravations of imposition, and not recommendations to indulgence. Thus Mr. Betty cannot be estimated in the same manner with other *first-appearance* performers. Have we not all seen men of the highest histrionic abilities—of great powers of mind—of excellent education—of unblemished private life, and in every respect fitted to grace the most exalted walk of the drama—have we not seen such, after years of toil and labour, barely permitted to make an experiment on the public feeling without emolument or encouragement; and shall we be told that their merits are to be weighed in the same balance with the merits of Mr. Betty, who comes upon us with a charge of *fifty pounds a night*, and a couple of benefits, after twenty-four appearances! **TWO THOUSAND POUNDS**, in addition to twenty times that sum before obtained by his mighty labours, is enough to put men of ordinary temper on their metal, in making up their minds as to the qualifications by which a **SUM SO EXTRAVAGANT** is gained.

The subject will not bear examination, or stand comparison with other situations or conditions of life. Why! the curate will preach you one hundred and four Sunday sermons in the year; besides holiday discourses, baptisms, burials, marriage ceremonies, and visiting the sick and afflicted, for a salary short of what Mr. Betty receives for one night's ranting!—The tradesman will toil a month in the most

laborious drudgery, and think himself amply rewarded if his gains amount to so much.—The well-fee'd lawyer and physician, in the best practice, will rejoice if, after a year of diligence and study, they have earned as much as Mr. Betty from acting a part of twenty-four plays.—Men of learning and abilities—men of industry and application—men distinguished for mental excellence and knowledge, devoted to delight and instruct the world, as well as men in an inferior degree, but still eminently useful in their sphere by mechanical pursuits—thousands of such men labour through their lives without acquiring the emolument of Mr. Betty's two benefits. But, lest taking the parallel out of the profession should be deemed unfair, let us for a moment compare this fortunate actor with his own brethren of the sock and buskin. Not even his eulogists venture to say he is at all equal to Kemble or Young; yet his pecuniary recompense far exceeds that which either of these finished performers ever acquired. London is acquainted with twenty tragic, comic, and musical performers (whom we need not name), who have delighted her audiences for years, and whose united talents are not in profit equal to Mr. Betty's single share. Ah! but say his flatterers and puffers, when did you see one so young possessed of such abilities, and what does his eminence at so early an age teach us to expect? For ourselves we expect from him nothing great; but, allowing that the utmost perfection may grow out of this youth, still we say it is time enough to pay its price when that day arrives—

That to-morrow we shall never see.

The times are too hard to permit of our paying the price of perfection for its promise.

But leaving this mode of viewing the matter behind us, in the persuasion that we have shown that Mr. Betty's engagement at his present enormous salary is a fraud upon the public credulity, and a tax levied upon the curiosity to behold the so-much-talked-of Roscius, and compare him with what he was, al-

though the managers well knew that disappointment and disgust must follow, we shall proceed to analyze the pretensions of this young man to the rank to which he aspires of a first-rate tragedian.

Joe MILLER, a classic for whom we have great reverence, tells a story of a pretender to theatrical glory, which the readers (and who are not his readers) of that immortal wight will recognise at once in the following adoption of it to living characters:—An Aspirant applied to the managers of a theatre for employment, and was asked to exhibit a specimen of his abilities; with which request he immediately complied, and in the course of his recitations displayed the powers enumerated in this subsequent conversation between him and Mr. Harris—

Harris. Sir! Your voice is intolerably bad.

Betty. So is Mr. Kemble's.

Harris. But your face is utterly destitute of tragic expression.

Betty. So is Mr. Elliston's.

Harris. Then you are fat and inelegant.

Betty. So is Mrs. Siddons.

Harris. You never stir the passions.

Betty. Neither does Mr. Raymond.

Harris. You rant without feeling.

Betty. So does Mr. Barrymore.

Harris. You want dignity and force.

Betty. So does Mr. Rae.

Harris. You declaim like a school-boy.

Betty. So does Pope.

Harris. In tender scenes you blubber like a great girl.

Betty. So does Mr. C. Kemble.

Harris. But, zounds! you have all the faults and imperfections of all these performers put together.

Betty. So much the better; this will render me the greater actor.

Harris. Then, dear sir! you shall have fifty pounds a night, and two benefits, after acting twenty-four times!!!!

Mr. Betty accordingly made his debut on the London boards at the wisely managed Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, as Achmet, in Dr. Brown's tragedy of Barbarossa, on

Tuesday the 3d of November.—He has since repeated that part, and also played Osman in the equally dull tragedy of Zara, Young Norval in Douglas, the Earl of Essex in the production under that name, and Alexander in Lee's Alexander the Great.

We shall not be at the trouble of entering into a separate and distinct examination of his performances in these five characters; in truth, he is the same in them all, and only received more or less applause as the language put into his mouth by the authors, or the stage effect of the situations in which he was placed by them, demanded.—Of himself, he did nothing—made nothing—(save and except fifty pounds per night)—and mended nothing. Four out of the five plays in which he chose to act, are as dull and soporific as the most somnolent visitor of a theatre could desire, and Mr. Betty fulfilled the tendencies of these pieces to admiration, for he neither said nor did any thing that could put the drowsy deity to flight. Indifferent and heavy as Barbarossa is, there are yet some sparks of brilliancy scattered over the gloom; but Mr. Betty's genius perceived them not, for he is not and never will be a Savigny, far less a Garrick. Tiresome as is Zara, there are yet some irradiations darting through the turgid depth; but Mr. Betty's talents suffered them to be involved in the common darkness. Dead and unmeaning as is the Earl of Essex, there are yet some passages of life and tenderness breathed into the inanimate mass; but Mr. Betty's powers consigned them to the unvarying uniformity of the general sameness. Mad and tame as is Alexander the Great, yet there are some flights of grandeur, some bursts of passion which awake the soul, and for a few moments hurry it from the contaminating absurdities of the whole; but, alas! even here the histrionic abilities of Mr. Betty were so poor and inadequate as to burlesque the grand, and treat the passionate into most ludicrous rags. Osman and Essex were so miserably performed, that there is no danger of their repetition, and therefore we shall dismiss them,

without further ceremony, to that oblivion from which they ought never to have emerged. Achmet claims a similar fate. The few passages, which from their applicability to the situation of the actor—his re-appearance after a seven years' absence, and his infancy ripened into manhood, have with his further progress lost the effect they at first produced, and the other striking passages in the play he literally passed over in the same level, dec amatory, unattractive tone, in which he delivers the most trite and common-place dialogue. In Alexander he is not the Great—to speak of Kemble and him in the same character, is an absurdity of which we shall not be guilty, although this was one of the parts in which the latter was least happy. To Holman in Alexander, Betty is infinitely inferior; and to those who may remember Barry, or even Powell, his performance must have been most offensive. In the early part of the play there is not even room for displeasing; but surely there are some touches that might be made to tell upon an audience which were not rendered prominent by this performer. In the last, the mad scene, whatever his conception might be, his physical powers utterly failed him—he gasped and ranted till the compassionate among the spectators also gasped with sympathetic pain for his sufferings, and his hysteric laugh fell upon the ear with a discord so harsh and unnatural, as to be altogether indescribable. We do not recollect any occasion but this on which we could say our mind was absolutely shocked by any effort on the stage, except a *maniac* interlude, written (we believe) by the horror-breeding Lewis, and potently portrayed for one night only by Mrs. Litchfield, but with such efficacy as to send five or six women—two ladies, and two beaux—out of the theatre in fits.

The tragedy of Douglas is so simply interesting in its structure; its language so natural and pathetic; its incidents so congenial to the finest feelings of the human heart, and its denouement so truly affecting, that he must be worse than an

actor of mediocrity in whose hands it fails. Youth, a capacity to deliver intelligibly what is set down, and a manner not absolutely disgusting, are all the requisites of a passable Douglas. Many we have seen play the part, and not one did we ever see fail. Among the best may be ranked Mr. C. Kemble and Mr. H. Johnston, whose figures and appearance were well calculated for the part. To both these gentlemen, in our opinion, Mr. Betty was somewhat inferior, and thus it may be judged at what pitch we rate his attainments.

Having said so much on this topic, we shall very briefly bring our remarks to a conclusion, by generally stating why the *young* can never be an *old Roscius*, or any thing more than a second or third rate performer. In the first place, nature has denied him the most essential requisites of a great tragedian, voice and face; and in the second place, art has not surmounted the defects of nature, by furnishing him with a mind informed by study and research, so as to evade those deficiencies which are most directly hostile to his attainment of the high rank he aims at, or to overcome, by the exercise of judgment (as Mr. Kemble does) such obstacles to perfection as may in some measure be surmounted. His foggy voice is incapable of modulation, his round chubby countenance of any variety of expression—and the consequence is this, let his best friends deny it if they can, that he never through the ear touches the hearts, or through the eye the feelings, of his audience. In fine, he is a mere reciter devoid of the art of exciting the passions—his defects are such as cannot be sufficiently amended to render him even a pleasing actor; and if they were, he is deficient in intellect to point out to him his way. With his praise we shall conclude these strictures—all the commendation that justice can possibly allow impartial criticism to bestow. His action, though studied, is not inelegant—his form, though rather lusty and womanish, not ungraceful—his enunciation is distinct—his demeanour pleasing—

and his attention to the business of the stage incessant. What the compound of these qualifications makes up the public will determine—for ourselves, we will say, that it falls far short of our idea of a first-rate performer of tragedy.

Having occupied so much of our space with the preceding observations on Mr. Betty, whose newspaper puffs are almost as offensive as his acting is bad, we have but small room for remarks upon the other characters in the tragedies in which he has performed. It is, however, fortunate for us, that the importance of the subject squares admirably with the limits we can afford it.

In *Barbarossa*, the only performers deserving of notice are Barrymore, for the uncommon ability he displayed in the part of Othman; and Chapman, for the ludicrous figure he cut in that of Aladin. The former infinitely surpassed the *Roscus* of the play: the latter wants his head to be set even upon his shoulders, for he held it as if the bowstring of the tyrant had ineffectually embraced his neck for a quarter of an hour previous to his entering upon the stage.—The *Earl of Essex* was altogether a burlesque, in which Betty, Abbot, Barrymore, Chapman, Claremont, Miss Marriot, Mrs. Powell, and Mrs. Egerton, performed.—Douglas was, however, rescued from the same fate, by the admirable delineation of the part of Old Norval by Mr. Young, who was received and cheered throughout, as he deserved, with the most rapturous applause. Indeed, we have seldom seen on the stage a more efficient performance than this: it was nature in every word, look, and motion; and we might parody the poet to say,

“Age was in all his steps, grief in his eye,

In every gesture sympathy and grace.”

The characters of Glenalvon, Lady Randolph, and Anna, were also respectably filled by Barrymore, Mrs. Powell, and the sweet-looking Miss Cooke.—In *Alexander the Great*, the *Clytus* of Mr. Egerton deserves notice, for his utter mis-

conception of the part, which he makes more mad than mad *Lee* made it. *Clytus* is a cynical, sarcastic observer of the godlike follies of his master, whom he loves and admires, notwithstanding all his errors, or he is nothing; but Mr. Egerton makes him, in the fashionable language of the day, “a rolling kiddy,” mumming for the laugh of the galleries, and swaggering about the stage like a porpoise. His performance, however, like that of Mr. Betty in *Alexander*, met the loudest applause, from the judicious audience!! Mrs. Johnston's *Statira* and Powell's *Roxana* were passable—the rest “leather and prunella.” Such a set of tragedians as Hamerton, Chapman, Cresswell, Claremont, King—were indeed worthy the occasion.

In getting up this tragedy, the manager has indulged in his appetite for show and spectacle. We have a grand triumphal entry into *Babylon* (half an hour long), and a grand banquet scene, both of which received the shouts of the groundlings. We have no objection to finery in its proper place, and the drama is not perfect without the accompaniments of splendour and decoration: but we abhor that taste for frippery in which this theatre most peculiarly indulges, making a secondary object always a primary consideration. Classic, fit, and natural scenery, dresses, &c. are requisite to lead the imagination; but the fatigue of sitting thirty minutes of valuable time to see pageants of silk and gingerbread ensigns, pasteboard trophies and gilded spoils pass over and over the stage, is surely too much to be endured by rational beings: yet this is our sentence, wherever the possibility of gratifying this foible occurs. Our best tragedies are spoiled by it; our worst bolstered up with it; and in all, we have a spice of the propensity to make the least consequential the most prominent and obtrusive feature of the stage. We anticipate a full gratification in this way in the announced “*GRAND HISTORICAL* play of the *RENEGADE*”—the name of which is enough to fore-show what it will be!

The chief of the other performances at this theatre, during the past month, have been the opera of the *LORD of the MANOR*; the comedy of the *RECRUITING OFFICER*; the *CHEATS of SCAPIN*, a farce; and a new farce from the pen of Mr. KENNEY, entitled *LOVE, LAW, and PHYSIC*.

The *Lord of the Manor* has been played to bumper houses, and thus proved to Mr. Harris that he has only to bring forward pieces of merit to meet the success he in vain aims at by his favoured monstrous anomalies, melo-dramas, and grand historicals. Music, sense, and reason, triumph under the sanction of this opera. Satire and ridicule are in it, powerfully upheld by Mr. JONES, in the part of Young Contrast, in which he is the most admirable representative of a race (the modern Puppy) that we ever witnessed upon the stage. Every look, action, motion, and gesture, is perfect. His walk across the boards is irresistibly laughable, and his still greater praise is that, in a character so difficult to assume, he never for one moment, from the rise to the fall of the curtain, forgets to be *precisely* the *thing* he enacts. His performance altogether places him among the very foremost comic performers of the age—a distinction, indeed, which he required no new exertions to obtain. Liston's Moll Flaggon is of the same description, and convulsed the house with merriment. We have only to lament that this *Trulla* of the camp figures away in so few of the scenes. Incedon and Sinclair add their fascinating vocal powers to this humorous duo, in songs and glees too generally known and admired to require particular notice; and Mrs. Sterling, Mrs. Liston, Miss Bolton, Fawcett, and Mathews, are all engaged in completing the treat.

Of the revival of *The Recruiting Officer*, we cannot speak in terms so favourable. As the town resists the imposition of new trash, the manager, out of pique, seems resolved to re-produce the most indecent of the *old school*, by way of set off and revenge. Thus, in October we had *Love for Love*, and in November its

noble compeer in obscenity, *The Recruiting Officer*. When broad and undisguised libertinism, when the lowest ribaldry, when the most unchaste ideas, accompanied by the most unchaste actions, and clothed in the most unchaste language; when such becomes again the public taste, it will be time enough to cater in this way for depraved appetites and corrupted imaginations: but till then we would advise Mr. Harris not to offend a people, with some remains of virtue among them, by the presentation of plays so immodest and impure as to render it impossible for any man of common feeling to take a female whom he respects to visit the theatre.

The *Cheats of Scapin* were d—d in one night.

Mr Kenney's new Farce, which was performed for the first time on the 20th, and embraces almost all the comic strength of the company, has met, and deserves, a very favourable reception. It is full of whim, bustle, and humour, neither very low nor very stale. The jokes and equivoques are generally passably good, and the audience are kept alive and in merriment from its commencement to its close. What more can be required of a farce we do not know; and therefore we profess ourselves to be the admirers of *Love, Law, and (even of) Physic*. Mathews has a song well adapted to his flexible talents, and which he sings with great eclat. We wish it were the only song in the piece which we can see no good reason for making musical. It is true, Miss E. BOLTON warbles a pretty air, and Mr. BROADHURST a sweet song; but the latter is drowned in a noisy accompaniment. This performer, we observe with displeasure, has called down upon his unoffending head all the ruthless vengeance of the *Times* Newspaper critic, who certainly most unjustly speaks of the voice of Mr. Broadhurst as unworthy of being listened to. Now, so far are we from subscribing to this harsh opinion, we think, and the town thinks with us, that, with the exception of Sinclair, there is not upon the stage a singer whose

modest exertions are more natural, touching, agreeable, and pleasing. In the simple pathetic ballad we are invariably delighted with Mr. Broadhurst. So much for justice and rival criticism.

DRURY LANE.

TRUSTING still to the attractions of their new house, the managers of Drury Lane Theatre have not yet thought it necessary to produce any dramatic novelty, but have contented themselves with playing the Comedies, Operas, and Farces, which have so long been taking their turn in the routine of the Lyceum. As these are performed by nearly the same actors and actresses as before, and the only difference now is, that they appear on a larger stage, it will not be thought necessary for us to enter very minutely either into their merits or demerits. We believe we speak the universal opinion of the visitors to this theatre, when we say that disappointment prevails, and that scarcely one of the numerous pieces brought forward has been adequately or satisfactorily performed. The general complaint is, that the performances are very bad; and we hear nothing so commonly as exclamations of "The house is beautiful, but did you ever see such miserable acting?"—Now this is a singular fact, when we observe in the bills names of such comic powers, as those of Bannister, Johnstone, Lovegrove, Elliston, Downton, Knight, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. Glover, Miss Kelly, &c. &c.; and of such vocal talent as Dickens, Bland, Phillips, Pyne, &c. &c. The difficulty has several means of solution, and probably the following, conjoined, may in some measure account for the prevalence of these opinions.

In the first place, the form and construction of the stage (as we observed in our last Number) is destructive to all scenic illusion. The scenery, performers, and the performances, look like a picture with puppets moving, in a grand gilded frame, which destroys the whole effect of the artist's most successful

efforts. The uneasiness of every one of the corps dramatique, who once gets forward, to be able to get decently back again, is also productive of the most ludicrous effects in tragedy—in comedy of the most awkward and unnatural.—So much for the *fine*, at the expense of the *expedient*!

Another cause of the failure we have noticed, is to be found in the want of efficiency in the company itself, which, though it boasts some celebrated names, is yet imperfect and deficient even in comedy. As one swallow does not make a summer, so neither can half a dozen excellent performers compose a company fit for a metropolitan theatre. Rubbish intermixed with gold robs it of its lustre; and it is out of the power of the highest histrionic talent to shine with effect when surrounded by the grossest incompetency and most contemptible weakness.

Another source of the evil complained of, is in the utter disregard to costume, propriety, the association of fit scenery and decorations with the characters on the stage and the play performed—strollers put to their worst shifts in a barn are not guilty of so many absurdities in this respect, as are the managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Every night produces innumerable examples of the most incongruous and ridiculous medley, and of the utter confounding of all unities.

The last point we shall notice, rests with the performers themselves. Playing at the theatre, which

Was call'd the Circus then, but now the Surrey,

has completely perverted the mind and damaged the powers of Elliston. Six nights at the same place has done the same for Mrs. Edwin, so far as we may compare small with great. These performers come upon the stage, and do every thing with a pertness not allied to vivacity, and a kind of happy self-satisfaction quite as far removed from ease. To be short with them, their manners are intolerably presumptuous, self-sufficient, and disgusting. We could name a few others of the

same school, but for the present content satire by pointing out the leaders of both sexes. The modesty of nature is overstepped by almost the whole number of the late Lyceum party; from which censure we do not recollect that we can except any, save Messrs. Lovegrove and Knight, who appear here to as much advantage as ever, and are in their respective lines great ornaments to the stage.

The *INCONSTANT* was revived on the 13th, with some applause; and on the following night *HAMLET* was played for the purpose of introducing Mr. RAE in the character of the Prince of Denmark.

This gentleman is already known to the lovers of the Drama from his having performed several years ago at the Haymarket Theatre, when he acquired considerable reputation, and was viewed as a very promising actor. The expectations then formed are not disappointed, for Mr. Rae seems to have many claims to the regard of the public.—His person is slender and graceful, and well fitted for the character he assumed for his *debut*. His countenance is intelligent and capable of great expression, though in some measure confined by a quickness about the eye, and a sharpness of feature which forbids the portraiture of the graver feelings or deeper passions. His voice is not strong, but it is flexible and susceptible of various and harmonious modulation—with these natural requisites for an accomplished tragedian, Mr. Rae has a thorough acquaintance with the business of the stage; generally a correct conception of his author; and an ease and gracefulness of action, which, with his *tout ensemble*, is a letter of recommendation to the spectator at first sight. He has as yet performed no other part but

Hamlet, and therefore we cannot take a comprehensive view of his abilities as an actor. In so far as we may judge from his success in what he has performed, we may safely pronounce him a great acquisition to the London boards. *Hamlet* is a character well calculated for his figure, voice, and manner. It displays his powers, and in some degree conceals his defects. The chief of these defects is a want of force and vigour, which we fear neither study nor experience can ever supply. From this physical imperfection it is that many of the prominent passages in *Hamlet* lose their effect in his hands. In the closet scene, for instance, he is remarkably unimpressive; but it may be hinted in his favour, "Who could act with such a queen as Mrs. Moore?"—Who or what she is, heaven knows—some cast-off relation of the member for Coventry, we suppose, from her being taken under the protection of Mr. Whitbread. But be that as it may, Mr. Rae's greatest deficiency is want of energy; and if this is felt in *Hamlet*, where no great exertions are necessary, how much more will it detract from the value of his performances in characters of loftier nature! Where much of dignity or of nervousness, or of elevated exertion, is required, we fear Mr. Rae will fall below his present level. While thus candidly delivering our opinion on the subject, we will confess that we do not think the audience afforded him the favourable encouragement he merited. His faults were observed and noted, and, wherever he failed, he had a hissing *memento* of it. This appears hard justice to a performer of so much merit, and proves that Drury Lane, among all its sins, has not to answer for hired houses.

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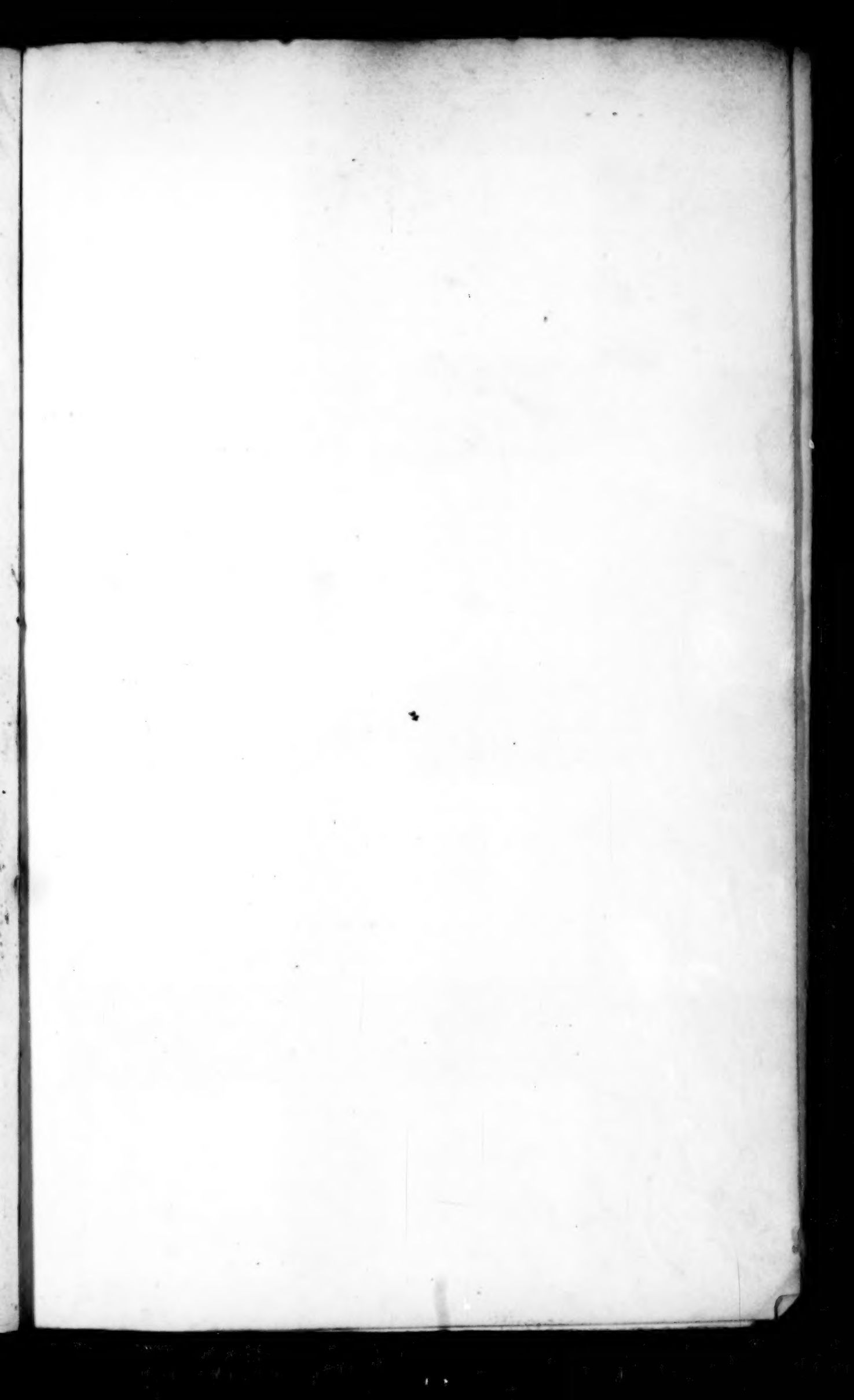
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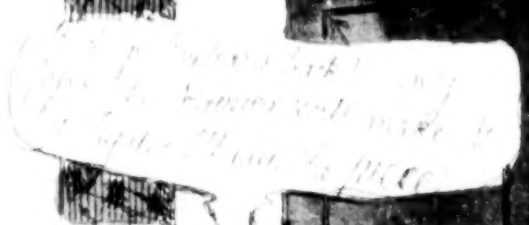


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THE BREWERS ENTIRE SAT



46 you discover. I'll kiss thy brow
sweet-fallen with the 8th person
wreath. I'll kiss thee with thy wreath
A. for I will

...gazing eyes
...harm
...hem!

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the friend to Freedom
and to Love

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